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HOURS
WITH THE MUSES.

BY
JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Knowledge, and truth, and virtue were his theme,
And lofty hopes of Liberty divine.

SHELLEY.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.



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TO
JOSHUA PROCTER WESTHEAD, ESQ.,
THIS
Second and Enlarged Edition
OF
“HOURS WITH THE MUSES,”
IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE publication of a Second Edition of “Hours with the Muses,” affords the Author an opportunity, of which he gladly avails himself, to tender, in a more formal and express manner than he has been hitherto enabled to adopt, his grateful acknowledgments for the extraordinary interest which has been manifested, and the efforts which have been made, on his behalf, since the appearance of the first edition of his Poems. That this gratifying circumstance is, in any material degree, attributable to the merits of the Poems themselves, the Author certainly has not the vanity to imagine: he rather ascribes it—as being much more consonant with his feelings—to the design which he trusts is obvious in the principal Poems, of advocating the rights, and elevating the tastes and pursuits, of his labouring fellow-countrymen; and to a generous desire, on the part of the public, to aid the Author in those struggles with poverty and its many attendant evils which have so far been his portion through life.

The Author feels utterly inadequate to the due ex-

pression of his feelings for the indulgent kindness which has been so liberally bestowed upon him by the Public Press. To one highly-gifted member of that Press—Mr. John Harland, of the *Manchester Guardian*—he is especially indebted, as it is owing to that gentleman's untiring and eloquent advocacy that the Author has enjoyed so large a portion of public favour, and without which kind interference, he feels that he might, like many far more deserving objects, in his own rank of life, have remained uncared for and unknown.

To the generous friends who have promptly come forward to provide the means of putting his Poems a second time through the Press;—to those who have exerted themselves so strenuously to obtain subscribers for the second edition;—and to those kind monitors by whose advice he has profited in a revision of his Poems for re-publication, the Author can only say, that he sincerely hopes the present edition will be found to possess stronger claims to their approval than those presented by the former edition.

Having now discharged, though imperfectly, a most urgent and pleasing debt of gratitude, the Author begs to refer briefly to the circumstances of the publication. Fearful of incurring a responsibility which he was by no means able to bear, and having not the slightest anticipation of the success with which his efforts have—owing to the causes already alluded to—since been attended, he limited the impression of the first edition to almost the precise number of subscribers obtained

at the time the first sheets were put to press. By the efforts of kind friends, however, such a further addition of subscribers was obtained in the course of the printing of the volume, that, upon its issue, the impression was found to fall short of the subscription list by upwards of *three hundred copies*. The list was further increased after the publication to such an extent, that the Author was soon placed in a position to require another and a much larger edition, and further, was as speedily relieved, by the generous zeal of friends, from the anxiety attendant upon a speculation so far beyond his own pecuniary means.

A careful perusal of the Poems in print, (after the excitement of their composition was over,) and the suggestions of friends, soon made the Author aware that there were some passages therein in which the forms of expression adopted might warrant an interpretation far different from that which he intended; and others which could not be defended consistently with the exercise of that feeling of mutual good will which it has ever been the Author's anxious wish to promote. These passages have been strictly revised, and either expunged, or so altered as to obviate the objections to which they were fairly liable. Several stanzas have been added to "The Poet's Sabbath;" and many additional poems, including some of the longest in the collection, appear in this edition; so as, to a considerable extent, to impart to the book a new feature. The Author hopes, also, that the superior style of this

edition, as to arrangement, verbal correctness, and typographical execution, (for all of which he is indebted to the friendly interest and professional skill of his Printers,) will render the volume more attractive.

With these remarks, and a renewal of his grateful acknowledgments, the Author respectfully takes his leave. It may be many years ere he meet his kind friends again in the character of an Author; but however his future lot in life may be cast, he can never revert to the circumstances upon which he has now—he fears tediously—been dwelling, without feelings of the most lively and heartfelt gratitude.

Manchester, 6th October, 1841.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ALTHOUGH a Preface may, by some, be considered an almost useless appendage to a book, yet the Author of the following pages deems it necessary to inform his readers, that his Poems have been composed at all times and in all places;—some to lighten his weary wanderings in a foreign land; and others as a relief to poverty and toil on his own shore. These disadvantages, together with his total want of even a moderate education, will, he trusts, entitle him to some indulgence from the candid critic,—some allowance for the defects which such circumstances were likely to produce.

Several of his productions have received the approbation of private friends, and been favoured with a place in various respectable Journals; and he has thus been induced to submit them, in a collective form, to the more general and impartial judgment of public opinion, satisfied that its decision will be just and conclusive.

That his effusions contain numerous and glaring

faults, the Author is fully aware; but he trusts that their merits, though few, are such as will preserve his little work from utter condemnation. He consoles himself with the thought that, if he succeed in fostering the slightest taste for the ineffable beauties of Nature,—in awakening one moral sentiment—one generous feeling—one thrill of liberty in the mind of any human being,—he will not have written idly, nor in vain.

To those literary friends who have honoured him with their advice and experience, the Author takes this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation, and of assuring them that he has adopted their hints, as far as was consistent with his own ideas of principle and independence. At the same time, he hopes that they will not withhold their assistance should he venture, a second time, to become a candidate for poetic fame.

July, 1841.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

(Extracted from a Provincial Periodical.)

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE is a native of Wigan, in Lancashire, and was born on the 21st of June, 1808. His father was a reed-maker for weavers, and, having a family of several children, and but a precarious business to depend upon, was unable to send his son, the subject of our sketch, to school. His mother, however, an intelligent and industrious woman, gave the best example and instruction in her power to her children; and to her maternal solicitude the youthful poet is indebted for what he acquired of correct principles wherewith to begin the world. Prevented by poverty from procuring him instruction in a day school, she sought to obtain this advantage in the Sabbath school of a Baptist chapel in the neighbourhood, where he gained a very imperfect knowledge of reading and writing. His strong natural love of inquiry, however, prompted him to an extraordinary application of the limited means thus afforded to him of seeking information from books; so that, almost as soon as his attainment was equal to the reading of a sentence, he used every leisure moment to practice and improve it, by poring over such stray volumes as he was able to procure.

At the early age of nine years he was put to learn his father's trade, at which tedious employment he was compelled to work from fourteen to sixteen hours per day. Every indication of a love of books was sought to be repressed by his father, when, to gratify the ardent longings of his

spirit for reading, he was betrayed by the passion into stealing a moment from the severe duties of his employment to engage in the forbidden pursuit. There is no doubt that these adverse circumstances may have repressed the full development of his poetic genius, but *that* strong principle of his nature, poverty, want, and punishment were unable to exterminate. A mind skilled in tracing moral effects to their causes, might perhaps be able to prove that the strong love of freedom which so nobly characterises the poet's compositions, was in a large measure developed by the harsh treatment to which, in his early youth, he was subjected; and that the ardent love of nature which breathes through his strains, was heightened by contrasting the gay and joyous life of the inhabitants of woods and wilds, and the beauty and harmony of trees, streams, and flowers, with the unrelieved and still-recurring toil of his own occupation, carried on in the poverty-stricken chamber,—

“Where the pale artist plies the sickly trade.”

All the adverse circumstances that surrounded him were unable to “freeze up the genial current of his soul;” the passion was intense, and *would* be gratified. When the family had retired to rest, full oft would young Prince, at the witching hour of night, leave his bed, and with furtive steps and slow, creep down stairs, and by the dim light of the “slacked” fire, revel in the charms of “Robinson Crusoe,” or the horrible and mysterious grandeur of Ann Radcliffe and Monk Lewis. The native longings of his heart found a rich banquet in the wild and wondrous of these tales; and the beautiful descriptions of natural scenery which give such a charm to the “Mysteries of Udolpho,” and the free scope for inventive genius in the solitariness of Defoe's shipwrecked Mariner, fed the enthusiasm of the embryo bard, and made him sigh to visit foreign lands, and meet with “moving incidents by flood and field.”

Distress and embarrassment compelled his father, in 1821, to leave Wigan and proceed to Manchester in search of employment, when he took our young friend, then thirteen years of age, with him. After a time they obtained employment with the eminent machinists of Manchester, Messrs. Sharp and Roberts, then of Toll-lane, Deansgate. They

remained here but a short time, leaving for Stockport, and shortly afterwards came back to Manchester, and were again employed by the respectable firm before mentioned.

It was about this time that young Prince first obtained a copy of the works of Byron, which he read with the most intense and rapturous delight. His mind had now met with its natural aliment; the strains of the noble poet awoke a kindred response in the breast of the obscure and humble boy; who from that moment became a worshipper at the fane of the Muses. To confirm the bent, he became acquainted, at this time, and formed an endearing intimacy with an old German, who had been wounded at Waterloo. He had seen much of the world, and was withal of a well-cultured and communicative disposition; and in their summer evening rambles he stimulated the warm enthusiasm of his young companion, by the wild and mysterious legends of his fatherland, and nourished in him the germs of poesy with those overwrought colourings of the excited fancy, with which the exile loves to paint the fondly-remembered scenes of his native soil.

Pecuniary difficulties once more compelled the father to quit Manchester, and take up his abode at Hyde, a village about eight miles from thence. Here young Prince dragged on a miserable sort of life, made so by a combination of circumstances which it is not necessary here to explain. In the hope of making a happier home for himself, he entered into the matrimonial state with a pretty and interesting young woman of his own rank of life, a "neebor lassie" of Hyde, in the latter end of 1826, or beginning of 1827, when he was yet under nineteen years of age. He had not at this time acquired the necessary proficiency in his trade, and he had still to work for his father. Under these circumstances his income was extremely limited, and when offspring began to come, the joint endeavours of both parents were barely sufficient to procure the necessaries of life. Things dragged on thus heavily until 1830, when his hopes were excited by the statements put forth of the want of English artizans in France, and those of his craft especially. He thereupon set off for St. Quentin, in Picardy, leaving his wife to provide, by her labour, for his three children and herself, until he should procure employment, and such a remuneration for it as he had been led

to expect. When he arrived in London he heard of the Revolution in Paris, and the flight of Charles X. Not reflecting on the necessary stagnation which this must occasion in manufactures, he determined that, having proceeded so far, he would venture onwards. Arrived at Calais, he had to remain some days, until news was brought that Louis Philippe was elected King of the French. He now proceeded up the country to St. Quentin. Here he was doomed to disappointment: the revolution had paralyzed every thing;—business was at a stand-still, and no employment for him was to be had. He knew not now what to do; whether to return home, his hopes frustrated and money wasted, or to proceed to the great seat of manufactures, Mulhausen, on the Upper Rhine. He chose the latter course, and accordingly wended his way thitherwards, by the way of Paris, where he staid eight days, during which time he visited the Theatres, the Church of Notre Dame, Pere la Chaise, the Palais Royal, the Luxemburg, the Thuilleries, and the Gallery of the Louvre,—ascended the column in the Place Vendome, and viewed other “lions” of the French metropolis, till at length, finding his *viaticum*, so small at the beginning, dwindling to a most diminutive bulk, he proceeded forward, through the province of Champagne, to his destination.

On arriving at Mulhausen, he found trade little better than at St. Quentin. Many manufactories were shut up, and the people in great distress. His means were completely exhausted. In a land of strangers, ignorant of the language, with the exception of the few words he had picked up on the road, he was indeed forlorn. Without the means to return, and in the hope of a revival in trade, he remained here five months in a state of comparative starvation; sometimes being two entire days without food. During this time some trifling relief was afforded him by the generous kindness of Mr. Andrew Kechlin, a manufacturer, the mayor of the town.

Finding that his hopes were fruitless, and the desire of again seeing his wife and children becoming insupportable, he at length determined to undertake the task of walking home, through a stranger-land, for many hundred miles, without a guide, and without money. Accordingly, in the middle of a severe winter, (January, 1831,) with an ill-

furnished knapsack on his back, and ten *sous* in his pocket, he set off from Mulhausen to return to Hyde, in Lancashire, with a heart light as the treasure in his exchequer. His wants, his privations damped not the ardour of his soul; his poetic enthusiasm, while it drove him into those difficulties which a more prudent and less sanguine temperament would have made him avoid, yet served to sustain the buoyancy of his spirits under the troubles which environed him, and which it had superinduced.

For a few days he kept along the beautiful and romantic banks of the Rhine, exploring its ruined castles, and visiting every scene of legendary lore that came in his path, exclaiming, in the words of his favourite poet, Goldsmith—

“Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine!”

He journeyed through Strasburg, and admired its splendid cathedral; through Nancy, Verdun, Rheims, Luneville, Chalons, and most of the principal cities, &c. that lay near his route, till he reached Calais once more; obtained from the British Consul a passage across the channel, and again set his foot on his native soil.

During this toilsome journey he subsisted on the charity of the few English residents whom he found on his way. He lay in four different hospitals for the night, but not once in the open air, as he did afterwards in his own country. The first night after his arrival he applied for food and shelter at a workhouse in Kent, and was thrust into a miserable garret, with the roof sloping to the floor, where he was incarcerated along with twelve others—eight men and four women, chiefly Irish—the lame, the halt, and the blind. Some were in a high state of fever, and were raving for drink, which was denied to them; for the door was locked, and those outside, like the bare walls within, were deaf to their cries. Weary and way-worn, he lay down on the only vacant place amid this mass of misery, at the back of an old woman who appeared to be in a dying state; but he could get no rest for the groans of the wretched around him. Joyfully did he indeed hail the first beam of morning that broke through the crannies of this chamber of famine and disease; and when the keeper came to let him out, his bed-fellow was dead!

Released from this lazar-house, he proceeded onward, penniless and shoeless, towards London, begging in the day-time and lying in the open fields at night. When he reached London he had been the whole day without food. To allay the dreadful—but to him then familiar—cravings of hunger, he went to Rag Fair, and taking off his waistcoat, sold it for eight-pence. He then bought a penny loaf to mitigate his hunger, and four penny-worth of writing paper, with which he entered a tavern, and, calling for a pint of porter, proceeded to the writing of as much of his own poetry as his paper would contain, and this amid the riot and noise of a number of coal-heavers and others.

As soon as he had done his task he went round to a number of book-sellers, hoping to sell his manuscript for a shilling or two, but the hope was vain. The appearance and manners of the famishing bard to these mercantile men were against him—he could not succeed in finding a customer for his poetry, or sympathy for his sufferings.

He stayed in London during two days, wandering by day, foodless, through its magnificent and wealth-fraught streets, and pacing about, or lying on the cold stones in gateways, or on the bare steps of the affluent, by night. In despair, on the third day, he left the metropolis of the land of his birth, where he was a greater stranger, and less cared for, than in a foreign land, and wended his way homeward, first applying for relief to the overseer of “merry Islington,” where, urged by the stings of famine, he was importunate when denied assistance, and was, therefore, for his temerity, thrust into the street to starve. A youthful and unabused constitution, however, saved him from what might have befallen a less healthful frame and a less buoyant heart.

At length, by untiring perseverance, he reached Hyde, having slept by the way in barns, vagrant offices, under haystacks, and in miserable lodging-houses, with ballad-singers, match-sellers, and mendicants, fully realising the adage of Shakspeare, that “misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows.” On his route from London he ground corn at Birmingham, sung ballads at Leicester, lay under the trees in Sherwood-forest, near Nottingham, lodged in a vagrant office at Derby, made his *bivouac* at Bakewell, in Derbyshire, in a “lock-up,” and finally reached Hyde, but found, alas! it contained for him a home no longer.

Whilst poverty had thus brought suffering upon *him*, when in quest of better means to provide for his family, it had also brought woe and privation upon his wife and babes. Unable to provide for her children by her labour, she had been compelled to apply for parish aid, and was, in consequence, removed to the poor-house of Wigan. After a night's rest Prince hurried off to that town, and brought them back to Manchester, where he took a garret, without food and clothes, or furniture, of any description. On a bundle of straw did this wretched family, consisting of a man and his wife and three children, lay for several months.

During all this time Mr. Prince was unable, but at very long intervals, to obtain even very insufficiently-rewarded employment; and had it not been for the labour of his wife, who is a power-loom weaver, and withal a most industrious and striving woman, they would have starved outright. At this period of severe privation, their youngest child died.

During this series of years he has written his poetry at all times and under all circumstances. The gratification of this passion was always a source of enjoyment, and enabled him to revel in pleasure in an *ideal*, even when misery was nipping him keenly in the *real* world. At different times he has contributed to the Manchester newspapers, and to three of its local periodicals—the *Microscope*, the *Phœnix*, and the *Companion*, all of which latter are now immured in “the tomb of the Capulets.”

It is pleasing to observe that Mr. Prince's poetry is little touched with that spirit of repining misanthropy, or harsh hatred of those superior to him, which has too frequently characterised the effusions of several other poets of the suffering poor. There is a gracefulness in the expression, and a musical flow in the language, which mark the suavity of the poet's temperament. Nor would a stranger to the man infer that his polished lines were the outpourings of a self-educated artizan, who had given them birth amid scenes of the most dire distress, or under the prostrating influence of fatigue, surrounded by the anti-poetical smells of oil and steam, and the rumbling clatter of wheels and machinery in a cotton-mill. Yet, under these adverse circumstances have some of the most beautiful of his compositions been conceived, and noted down at meal times, and after the labour of the day.

Mr. Prince is of a very retiring character; and no one would imagine, from a slight acquaintance with him, that he had seen much of the world, much less that he had wandered in foreign lands, and drank so deeply of the bowl of misery. He seems to have passed through these varieties of human condition rather as an observing wayfarer, than as participating therein. In a great measure his ill-success in the world is fairly attributable to the want of confidence in himself, and of that becoming assurance without which, however great a man's talent or sterling merit, the path to advancement is not in his way.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

THE subject I have chosen whereon to make a few random remarks, may, perhaps, be considered as one of minor importance, compared with the large practical utility of general science, or the more abstruse, but not less interesting, study of social and political economy: nevertheless, it is a subject with which I have formed a slight acquaintance, and one to which I have been long and ardently attached. I shall not speak of this “dainty Ariel of the mind” in the technical and almost unintelligible jargon of the critics; but in the language of one who loves it for its delightful and never-to-be-forgotten associations, and for the influence which it has in soothing the heart and refining the human mind.

Poetry, and the things which superinduce poetical thoughts and feelings, are co-existent and co-eternal with the Universe itself. When the Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom, created the Earth, the plan and progress of his work was the opening, and the gradual development, of a poem which no inferior

Intelligence should ever be able to alter, imitate, or destroy; a poem of transcendent grandeur and sublimity, which should never become obsolete, but retain its pristine loveliness to the very end of time.

In the beginning the spirit of God moved in the realm of Chaos; and this wondrous world, fair in its aspect, and vast in its proportions, rose from the dark and mysterious abyss. He said "Let there be light," and the young Sun sprang forth on his ethereal way, never to rest again. The clouds, brightening in his smile, followed after him, to decorate the heavens and fructify the earth. The chaste and quiet Moon made her first journey up the steep of night, while her attendant stars, mingling in a maze of intricate but perfect harmony, rang with the music of according spheres. He spake again, and the waters were gathered together into seas, leaving the dry land filled with the germs of beauty and abundance. Every valley was mantled with delicious verdure, and every mountain with the waving majesty of woods. The silent earth lay beneath the smile of heaven, like an unbounded Paradise, where herb and leaf, bud and blossom, flower and fruit, grew spontaneously together; making a spot so formed for peace and love, that angels afterwards came down to hallow it with their divine presence.

Again the Invisible spake, and countless myriads of creatures started into active life. The mighty leviathan gambolled in the great deep; the lordly lion and colossal elephant, yet harmless in their strength, startled the

forest solitudes with cries; the graceful antelope and bounding fawn scoured the luxuriant vales; and cattle of every kind answered each other from a thousand hills. Birds, radiant in plumage and prodigal of song, waved in the light of heaven innumerable wings, and filled the vocal air with sounds of freedom, melody, and joy. Again the fiat of the Eternal went forth, and Man—proud, complicated Man—erect and in the image of his Maker, rose up from his native dust, the last and crowning ornament of Creation. Behold, then, the object of Divine Wisdom accomplished,—the glory of Divine Power made known, and the everlasting Poem of Nature completed.

After a time, man acquired the faculty of speech, or the art of communicating to his fellow-beings, by oral sounds, his wants, his wishes, feelings, and ideas. Melted into sorrow, cheered into gladness, or warmed into enthusiasm by the surrounding circumstances of his existence, he gave utterance to more than ordinary language, and that language was Poetry. Love for woman, affection for offspring, esteem for a friend, triumph over an enemy, and devotion to the Deity, were the first and natural subjects of his rhapsodies. At length, men appeared more largely endowed with the higher powers of the mind, more thoroughly imbued with the love of Nature, and more deeply skilled in the secret workings of the human heart. They raised themselves by the strength and beauty of their inspirations, to a place pre-eminently above the

rest of mankind; poured out their whole souls in poetry, and transmitted to future generations the splendid and imperishable emanations of their genius.

The first effusion we have on record, containing all the characteristics of true poetry, is the Song of Moses. Indeed, the whole of that extraordinary and sublime Book, the Bible, is enriched with a thousand inimitable specimens of this divine art. The fervent and devotional tenderness of David, the Minstrel King of Israel,—the pastoral sweetness of Solomon,—the prophetic grandeur of Isaiah,—the pathetic lamentations of Jeremiah,—the majestic diction and sublime imagery of Job, have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by any of the Poets of ancient or modern times.

It is almost impossible to take too extended a view of the nature and character of Poetry. All the strange vicissitudes of human life,—all the harmonious beauty of the Universe,—all the incomprehensible sublimity of the Supreme Being is Poetry, in the widest and most significant sense of the word. Whatever excites our wonder and imagination, awakens our best sympathies, and stirs up the hidden depths of our passions, is Poetry; inasmuch as it brings into exercise the moral and intellectual faculties of the mind. Nature is the grand Temple of Poetry, and that man who hath received the celestial fire of Inspiration, is the chosen High-Priest of her rites. He expounds her sacred mysteries; he points out her ineffable beauties. In fancy, his feet are planted from mountain to moun-

tain; his hands are stretched forth from sea to sea; his face is lifted towards heaven; he opens his mouth, and in the language of angels he moves, raises, and refines myriads of human hearts. He is all eye, all ear, and almost all soul; for the strong wing of his imagination soars through the uttermost regions of Time and Space,—pierces the veil of Eternity, and even attempts to penetrate into the holy sanctuary of the Invisible himself.

Poetry is cultivated and brought out under many forms and names. The Philosopher cultivates it by discovering and making known the sublime facts and wonders of creation and of human nature: the Moralist, by extolling the loveliness of truth, and pointing out the efficacy of virtue in alleviating the ills of life: the Patriot, by fostering a love of country and kindred, and speaking with enthusiasm of the blessings of freedom in every land: the Musician, by awakening the spirit of melody, and giving an audible voice to every passion that sways the human breast: the Sculptor, by creating, from the cold and shapeless marble, forms of life-like vigour, majesty, and grace: the Painter, by transferring to his canvass the hues and features of external nature, the visions of imagination, and the strange and stirring events of the dreamy past: the Poet, by sending his soul abroad to revel in the universe, and clothing his inspired thoughts in language lovely as the earth, and lasting as the sun in heaven.

It is true that the greater portion of the people, the poor and uneducated, can neither understand nor appreciate the higher principles of Poetry; but, while they can be cheered by a simple air, and melted by a pathetic ballad,—while they have joys and griefs, hopes and fears, feelings and affections, in common with all mankind, they cannot be said to be entirely unmoved by its influence. The spirit of poetry is within them, and only requires the quickening breath of moral and mental culture to give it a more permanent and elevated character. I think that a day will come, and I look forward to it with the cheerfulness of constant hope, when the sayings and sentiments, beauties and truths, of the master-minds of every age and clime, shall become “familiar as household words;”—when the Poet shall be looked up to as a being sent by Providence for a special and benevolent purpose, as the favoured interpreter of all that is good and true, all that is lovely and sublime, all that is wonderful and harmonious in universal things;—when he shall be loved and revered while living, honoured and mourned when dead, and his name enshrined in the hearts and memories of myriads of his fellow-creatures.

It is almost impossible to imagine a more exalted character than that of a man possessed of great mental powers and indomitable moral courage;—a man dignified in manners, winning and eloquent in speech, prompt and decisive in action;—a man just, brave, benevolent, pure, and serenely virtuous; in private,

gentle and affectionate as a child,—in public, upright and awful as a sage. But, if in addition to these rare qualities, he were gifted with a Poet's inspiration—that holy fire which gives light to thought, and warmth to feeling—his pre-eminence would be greater still. Above all, if he had the will to devote his God-like energies to the good of his fellow-men, his existence would be a blessing and a benefit to the age in which he lived, and his name a beacon of glory to succeeding generations. A few such mighty spirits would effectually regenerate the human race, and raise it to a state of perfection “little lower than the angels.” It is gratifying to believe—and this is a faith from which I cannot willingly swerve—that such men will rise up in after times, whose purifying powers shall banish from the earth selfishness, superstition, ignorance, and crime; and make their fellow-mortals more worthy of the beautiful world in which it has pleased God to place them.

It is a lamentable fact—and one that almost appears an anomaly in nature—that the divine gift of Poesy has been made subservient to the basest purposes; by pandering to licentious passions,—promulgating dangerous doctrines, and giving false and distorted views of men and things. We have a celebrated instance of the prostitution of great powers in a splendid but wayward genius of our own time, who by immoral sentiment, bitter and unprovoked sarcasm, and lack of

sympathy with the world, threw a shadow around his character which will, I fear, ultimately absorb all the light of his fame. Yet, that he was capable of great deeds, and high and generous feelings, his brief but painful life will abundantly testify. I think that we may trace the gloomy and scornful spirit that pervades his works, especially the wanderings of Harold, to vicious training in his youth, and to that painful circumstance of his marriage, which seemed to throw a withering taint on all the flowers of his existence. Poor, unhappy Byron! I loved him once,—as a poet I idolized him; but riper years brought judgment, and judgment opened my eyes to his defects. I found that his genius was like a thunder-cloud, grand and gloomy; but whose fire, though dazzling, was dangerous, and too often scathed or destroyed the best affections of the human heart.

There was another sad perversion of this great gift, which, thanks to reason and truth, is now becoming obsolete; namely, the practice of singing in praise of war and the wine-cup;—flinging the halo of Poesy over two of the greatest evils that ever afflicted humanity;—exalting rapine, revenge, and wholesale slaughter as the noblest objects of man's pursuit, and raising their most successful followers to a place among the demi-gods;—holding up drunkenness and debauchery as things worthy of imitation, and making them the supreme sources of human enjoyment. It is, how-

ever, consoling to know that a few Master-Spirits of the Lyre have soared above these ignoble themes, and vindicated the high character of the Muse, by singing *as men to men* capable of every virtue here, and born for immortality hereafter. The song of Milton is deathless as the subject upon which it is built; the ethereal verse of Shelley will continue to rise in estimation while there is beauty and truth in the world; the simplicity, sympathy, and philosophy of Wordsworth will take a permanent place in the literature of his own age, and keep it for ages to come; and Shakspeare, in whom all the rest are blended,—Shakspeare, the Poet of the universe, shall follow the footsteps of Time, and push him from the very brink of Eternity.

To many these “Random Thoughts” may appear false and extravagant; but, as I do not dogmatically assert them to be correct, I may, at least, be allowed to flatter myself with the hope that they are so. My enthusiastic love of Poesy may have led me to view it through a too highly-coloured medium; for I cannot express how much I have been indebted to Poetry, as a source of intellectual enjoyment, during years of many sorrows, many baffled hopes, and many vain endeavours to rise above the evils of my condition. Yes, Poetry has been the star of my adoration, affording me a serene and steady light through the darkest portion of my existence;—a flower of exquisite beauty

and perfume, blooming amid a wilderness of weeds,—a fountain of never-failing freshness, gushing forth in an arid desert,—a strain of witching and ever-varying melody, which so softens my heart with sympathy, and strengthens my mind with fortitude, that I bless God for having made me susceptible of feelings so elevating, so humanizing, so divine.

HOURS WITH THE MUSES.

THE POET'S SABBATH.

"The Sabbath! Blessings and ten thousand blessings be upon that day! and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God, for this divine and regenerating gift to man! As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week-day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery and the greedy craving of mercantile gain; and suddenly that golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness—a time and a perpetually recurring time, in which the iron grasp of social tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the Angels of God, come down and walk once more among men! * *

For myself, I speak from experience: it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and, like Isaac, meditate in the fields, and especially in the tranquillity and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in temple or in closet, did more hallowed influence fall upon my heart. With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me—a desire for every thing pure and holy—a love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork, but especially for every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel, that there is no oratory like that which has heaven itself for its root, and no teaching like the teaching of the Spirit which created, and still overshadows the world with its infinite wing."—WILLIAM HOWITT.

SABBATH! thou art my Ararat of life,
Smiling above the deluge of my cares,—
My only refuge from the storms of strife;
When constant Hope her noblest aspect wears,—
When my torn mind its broken strength repairs,
And volant Fancy breathes a sweeter strain.
Calm season! when my thirsting spirit shares
A draught of joy unmixed with aught of pain,
Spending the quiet hours 'mid Nature's green domain.

Once more the ponderous engines are at rest,
Where Manufacture's mighty structures rise ;
Once more the babe is pillowed at the breast,
Watched by a weary mother's yearning eyes ;
Once more to purer air the artist flies,
Loosed from a weekly prison's stern control,
Perchance to look abroad on fields and skies,
Nursing the germs of freedom in his soul,—
Happy if he escape the thralldom of the bowl.

'Tis morn, but yet the full and cloudless moon
Pours from her starry urn a chastened light ;
'Tis but a little space beyond the noon—
The still, delicious noon of Summer's night ;
Forth from my home I take an early flight,
Down the lone vale pursue my devious way,
Bound o'er the meadows with a keen delight,
Brush from the forest leaves the dewy spray,
And scale the toilsome steep, to watch the kindling day.

The lark is up, disdainful of the earth,
Exulting in his airy realm on high ;
His song, profuse in melody and mirth,
Makes vocal all the region of the sky ;
The startled moor-cock, with a sudden cry,
Springs from beneath my feet ; and as I pass,
The sheep regard me with an earnest eye,
Ceasing to nibble at the scanty grass,
And scour the barren waste in one tumultuous mass.

But lo, the stars are waning, and the dawn
Blushes and burns athwart the east;—behold,
The early sun, behind the upland lawn,
Looks o'er the summit with a front of gold;
Back from his beaming brow the mists are rolled,
And as he climbs the crystal tower of morn,
Rocks, woods, and glens their shadowy depths unfold;
The trembling dews grow brighter on the thorn,
And Nature smiles as fresh, as if but newly born.

God of the boundless universe! I come
To hold communion with myself and Thee!
And though excess of beauty makes me dumb,
My thoughts are eloquent with all I see;
My foot is on the mountains,—I am free,
And buoyant as the winds that round me blow!
My dreams are sunny as yon pleasant lea,
And tranquil as the pool that sleeps below;
While, circling round my heart, a poet's raptures glow.

Oh, glorious Summer! what a sight is here,
To wean the heart from selfishness and care!
Where the vast prospect, bright, distinct, and clear,
Looks up in silence through the stainless air:
The moorlands are behind me, bleak and bare,
A rude and trackless wilderness of land;
Beneath me lie the vales, calm, rich, and fair,
With Alpine summits rising on each hand;
And stretching far before, the peopled plains expand.

Behold each various feature of the scene,
Shining in light, and softening into shade ;
Peak beyond peak, with many a mile between,—
The craggy defile, and the forest glade,—
The gold-besprinkled meadows, softly swayed
By every fitful frolic of the breeze,—
The river, like a wandering child, conveyed
Back to the bosom of its native seas,
Paved with all glorious shapes, skies, clouds, hills, rocks, and
trees.

Behold the lordly mansion's splendid pride,
The peasant's cottage, with its zone of flowers,—
The shepherd's hut upon the mountain's side,
Keeping lone watch through calm and stormy hours,—
The clustered hamlet, with its quiet bowers,—
The pastor's snug abode, and gothic fane,—
The crowded city, with its thousand towers,—
The silvery-sheeted lake, the opening plain,
And, mixed with farthest sky, the blue and boundless main.

Hark, sweetly pealing in the arch of heaven,
The mingled music of the Sabbath bells ;
A tide of varying harmony is driven,
In gentle wavelets, over streams and dells :
Now 'tis a melting cadence--now it swells
Full, rich, and joyous on the enamoured ear ;
While, through the wondrous halls where Memory dwells,
A thousand visions of the past career,
A thousand joys and griefs in dreamy forms appear.

Now are the temples of a hundred creeds
Thronging with worshippers, where we may trace
Men known to fame by good or evil deeds,
As multiform in feeling as in face:
There Pomp is seated in his pride of place,
Cushioned, and carpeted, and curtained round;
There humbler Piety, with modest grace,
Lists to the blessed Word's consoling sound,
Or breathes, subdued and low, her orisons profound.

There was a time—(two thousand shadowy years
Haveswept, since then, o'er earth's still changing ball)—
When Christ, the Man of Sorrows and of tears,
Came to redeem our great, primeval fall;
And as he preached life, love, and truth to all—
A blessed lore which cannot be defiled—
Rude men and sinful gathered at his call,
Won by his healing words, his aspect mild,—
That God in human mould, yet humble as a child.

Mournful and meek, yet dignified, he came
Before stern Pilate's judgment-seat, to hear
The Jewish hatred cast upon his name,
Yet breathed no murmur of reproach or fear:
Though smit by hands, he shed compassion's tear,—
Bore on his brow the blood-extorting wreath,
And, having made the way of mercy clear,
Spent on the painful cross his latest breath,
To save the human race from everlasting death.

Then Paul arose, the chosen of the Lord,
To nurse the seeds which Christ himself had sown;
To spread the living spirit of the Word
To hearts unborn, to lands as yet unknown :
With simple majesty and earnest tone,
He taught admiring multitudes to love;
His lips dropped manna, while his features shone
With holy light, reflected from above,
And God within his soul sat brooding like a dove.

Let memory turn some fleeting ages back,
When Christian martyrs, with a wondrous power,
Defied the stake, the dungeon, and the rack,
Though human gore was scattered like a shower :
What could sustain them in the trying hour,
But some bright hope unrealized below—
Some strong conviction, some expected dower
Of peace and joy beyond this world of woe,—
Some mystery concealed, which they had yearned to know ?

How calmly, boldly, on their native sod,
Girt with their native hills, sublime and high,
Did Scotland's Covenanters worship God,
Bible in hand, and sword upon the thigh !
Did not the bones of murdered thousands lie
In Alpine hollows of Helvetia's land,
Because they had resolved to live and die
A sternly faithful and religious band,
And fight against the sway of Persecution's hand ?

Oh ! these are great examples to admire,—
Deeds of the soul's devotion, which surpass
Those of the conqueror; the poet's lyre
Sings them in words outliving stone and brass :
But in our own enlightened days, alas !
Men unto pride and custom bow the knee ;
The laboured sermon, and the gorgeous mass,
With idle pageantry, are things that be,—
Eternal One of Heaven ! how all unworthy thee !

Still we must own that there are some, in sooth,
To God devoted, and to man sincere ;—
Some whose calm souls are yearning after truth,
With all that holy hope which knows no fear ;—
Some who have ministered to virtue here,
Soothed the despairing, succoured the distressed,—
Breathed consolation in the mourner's ear,
And plucked the weed of sorrow from the breast,—
Swayed by the law of Love, the noblest, purest, best !

Oh God ! my only hope of bliss above !
Soul of all being, human and divine !
Source of all wisdom ! fountain of all love !—
Oh, let thy light around my footsteps shine !
Oh, teach my stubborn spirit to resign
Pride, passion, lust, and every vicious art !
Oh, make me truly and securely thine !
Give me a lowly purity of heart,
That I may understand and choose the better part !

Down from the breezy summits of the hills
I turn my lingering footsteps, and descend
A rugged pathway, where a thousand rills
All freshly, brightly, musically blend
Their ever-twinkling waters : now I wend
Along the streamlet's desultory wave,
To reach yon gothic fane, where those attend
Who feign, or feel, that they have souls to save,
Looking for deathless life beyond the secret grave.

I stand within the walls, whose roof is spread
In the vain strength of architectural might ;
Emblazoned banners droop above my head,—
Rich windows glow with many-coloured light ;
Altar and shrine are gorgeously bedight
With costly ornament of dazzling sheen ;
Proud tombs and cenotaphs the gaze invite,
Recording virtues which have never been ;
(Thus self-exalted, man forgets his God, I ween.)

The voice of psalms ascends the slumbering air,—
With sweet but stormy breath the organ blows ;
The pastor reads the well-remembered prayer,
While murmuring lips respond to every close :
Now comes the brief discourse,—perchance it flows
With less of fervent feeling than of art ;
Perchance it lulls some hearer to repose,
Perchance it trembles in some human heart :
Now, hymn and service done, shepherd and flock depart.

Through pleasant fields, green lanes, and forest glooms,
Back to their humble homes the rustics go ;
Save those who linger in the place of tombs,
Musing and mourning o'er the dead below :
There droops the widow in her weeds of woe,
Whose joys lie buried with the lifeless one ;
The orphan, too, is there, whose tears o'erflow
For some kind sire or tender mother gone ;—
There's comfort in their grief, oh, let their tears flow on !

Now the glad sun, from his ethereal throne,
Rains down the mid-day glory of his beams ;
The skies sweep round me like an azure zone,—
Rolling in light the far-off ocean gleams ;
The hills are clothed with splendour, and the streams
Flash with a quivering radiance here and there ;
Earth slumbers in the depth of summer-dreams ;
Mysterious murmurs stir the sultry air,
As if all Nature's breast throbbed with unuttered prayer.

My heart's religion is an earnest love
Of all that's good, and beautiful, and true !
My noblest temple is this sky above—
This vast pavilion of unclouded blue ;
These mountains are my altars, which subdue
My wildest passions in their wildest hours ;
My hymn is ever many-voiced and new,—
From bird and bee, from wind and wave it pours ;
My incense is the breath of herbs, leaves, fruits, and flowers.

Here Health and Piety, twin angels, shed
The healing influence of their hallowed wings ;
Here joyous Freedom hovers round my head,
And young Hope whispers of immortal things ;
Here lavish Music, dainty Ariel, flings
Mellifluous melody on every hand ;
Here mild and many-featured Beauty brings
Dim visions of that undiscovered land,
Where the unshackled soul shall boundlessly expand.

Man cannot stand beneath a loftier dome
Than this cerulean canopy of light—
The ETERNAL'S vast, immeasurable home,
Lovely by day, and wonderful by night !
Than this enameled floor, so greenly bright,
A richer pavement man hath never trod ;
He cannot gaze upon a holier sight
Than fleeting cloud, fresh wave, and fruitful sod—
Leaves of that boundless Book writ by the hand of God !

Here let me rest, within this quiet scene—
This sylvan, shady, and secluded dell ;
Where herb and leaf put on a chaster green,
And free-winged choristers in concert dwell ;
Where daisies and the king-cup's golden bell
Smile like a noon-day star-light on the ground ;
And airy Echo, from her secret cell,
In mimic tones replies to every sound,
As if some fairy court held jubilee around.

A streamlet from the hills is purling near,
With an unceasing and melodious flow ;
Whose twinkling waves, cool, crystalline, and clear,
Through pleasant spots a mazy journey go ;
Athwart its face glad wings flit to and fro,
Like bright thoughts glancing through a mind at rest ;
Flowers of all hues along its margin grow,
Like those affections blooming in the breast,
Which grace the path of life, and make man's lot more blest.

Here let me spend the peaceful, pensive hour,
Girt with the solemn majesty of trees,
Whose hardy stems defy the tempest's power,
Whose light leaves tremble to the faintest breeze ;—
Here let me rest in meditative ease,
Half hidden in the soft, luxuriant grass,
And wake those sweet imaginings that please
The tranquil soul, those phantom-forms that pass,
Like unforgotten dreams, o'er memory's magic glass.

I lay me down upon the verdant slope,
Gazing around me with a loving eye ;
Where waving branches form a leafy cope,
Yielding bright glimpses of the summer sky :
The west-wind greets me with a balmy sigh,
Rich with the rifled odours of the rose—
The honey-laden bee is murmuring nigh—
The wood-dove's voice with mournful murmur flows,
And every ruder thought is cradled to repose.

Now Fancy wafts me to that golden age,
 Which blessed our fathers in the days of yore ;
 Whose semblance lingers on the poet's page,
 And in the prophet's visionary lore :
 Perchance some future age may yet restore
 The lost reality, more pure and bright,
 When man shall walk with Nature, to adore
 The God of love, of loveliness, and light,
 And truth shall teach his heart to worship Him aright.

The Birth of Creation.

Blest age of guiltless joy and cloudless truth !
 Undimmed by human care, by human crime,—
 When earth was in the gladness of her youth,
 And man was in the glory of his prime !
 Delicious lapse of golden-wingèd time !
 Thou dost not smile upon us now, as when
 Angelic visitants, with port sublime,
 Became familiar unto mortal ken,
 And even gods came down among the sons of men !

The fabled charms which to thy name belong,
 Inspire the patriot's earnest prayer ; they lend
 A living music to the poet's song,
 And with the prophet's dreamy future blend.
 Alas ! that evil destiny should end
 Thy peaceful reign ! thy patriarchal race—
 Gone, like the spirit of a joyous friend—
 Gone, like a melody that leaves no trace,
 Or like a shattered star, swept from the realms of space !

With thee the earth was ever rich and fair ;
No Summer scorched, no Winter chilled her breast ;
Nor storm, nor dearth, nor pestilence were there,
To break the holy quiet of her rest ;
Eternal Spring, with constant beauty dressed,
Walked in a paradise of buds and flowers ;
Eternal Autumn, with abundance blest,
Smiled on the fields, and blushed upon the bowers,
Fed by a genial sun and fertilizing showers.

The world was one Arcadian realm, and rife
With graceful shape, soft tint, and pleasing sound ;
Unwet by sorrow's tears, unstained by strife,
An Eden bloomed on every spot of ground :
Mankind, a mighty brotherhood, were bound
By the strong ties of Charity and Truth ;
With equal hand spontaneous Plenty crowned
The universal feast ; no care, no ruth
Furrowed the brow of Age, nor dimmed the eye of Youth.

On aromatic leaves, with tranquil dreams,
They slept the shadows of the night away ;
'Mid sunny mountains and rejoicing streams,
They watched and wandered with their flocks by day ;
Down the deep valleys they were wont to stray,
Where yet a savage foot had never trod,
To glorify their Maker, and to pray ;
Making the green and ever-flowery sod,
Which blessed them with its fruits, the altar of their God !

Fair Woman then was guileless as the dove,
And pure and buoyant as a spring-tide morn ;
The roses scattered on her path of love—
Happy for her !—were yet without a thorn ;
With wild-flowers—like herself, in beauty born,
And fed with dew in many a pleasant place—
She stood, her flowing tresses to adorn,
Beside the waters, whose unruffled face
Gave to her eager glance a form of perfect grace.

She knew that she was lovely, but her charms
Were never wed to meretricious art ;
One worthy object filled her tender arms,
Whose constant image slumbered in her heart :
Blest in her choice, she never felt the smart
Of man's neglect, or passion's dark annoy ;
She filled the maiden's and the matron's part,
With firmness, fondness, modesty, and joy,—
Virtue her only thought, and love her sole employ.

Peace, Virtue, Wisdom, Liberty, and Health,
Knew no decay beneath thy genial reign ;
Then love was power, and happiness was wealth,
To the chaste damsel and the faithful swain :
Hate, Passion, Lust, Ambition, Falsehood, Gain,
Pride and Oppression, Poverty and Wrong,
Crime and Remorse, Disease, Despair, and Pain—
A dark and unextinguishable throng—
Were evils yet unknown to story or to song !

As yet, gigantic Commerce had not built
Cities, and towers, and palaces of pride—
Those vast abodes of wretchedness and guilt,
Where Wealth and Indigence stand side by side ;
Man had not ventured o'er the waters wide,
To deal in human thralldom, nor unrolled
His hostile banner to the breeze, nor dyed
His selfish hands in kindred blood, nor sold
The joys of Earth and Heaven, for thrice-accursèd gold !

Man lived as love inspired, till mellow age
Brought his frail footsteps nearer to the tomb ;
Prepared to stand upon a higher stage,
He had no fears to wrap his soul in gloom ;
His fancy pictured no terrific doom
Of endless agony, for sins unknown,—
But gardens of imperishable bloom,
And forms and faces like unto his own,
All radiant with the light of God's eternal throne !

His Youth was like the Summer's morning hour,
Fresh, free, and buoyant, laughing and sincere ;
His Manhood like the Summer's noon-tide power,
Strong, deep, intense, warm, glorious, and clear ;
His Age like Summer's eve, whose skies appear
Filled with a softer and serener light ;
And when his day went down, and Death drew near,
To shroud him in the shadows of his night,
'Twas but to rise again with everlasting light.

Transcendent Fiction ! though we cannot find
That aught so beautiful hath ever been ;
Though thou art but a vision of the mind,
Fancied but felt not, sought for but unseen ;
Yet Hope is with us,—let us strive to wean
Our hearts from selfish influences, and go
Together in the fields of truth, and glean
All it behoves the hungry soul to know,
Creating for ourselves a paradise below.

Farewell, my pleasant dream ! the sinking sun
Is burning in the bosom of the west ;
The joyous lark, whose vesper-hymn is done,
Folds his light pinions to his weary breast ;
The clamorous rook is hovering round his nest—
The thrush sits silent on the thorny spray—
The nectar-gathering bee is gone to rest—
The lonely cuckoo chants a lingering lay ;
While I, with careless feet, go loitering on my way.

The sun, now resting on the mountain's head,
Flings rosy radiance o'er the smiling land ;
Around his track gigantic clouds are spread,
Like the creation of some wizard hand :
Now they assume new shapes, wild, strange, and grand,
Touched by the breath of eve's ethereal gale ;
Like burning cliffs and blazing towers they stand,
Frowning above an emerald-paven vale,
Such as my fancy found in Childhood's fairy tale.

Now they are scattered o'er the quiet sky,
Like those fair isles that gem the southern main ;
The fragments of a shadowy realm, they lie,
Imprinting space with many a gorgeous stain :
Now they are fading from the boundless plain
Whereon they shed their splendours, as they grew :
Gone is their brief and transitory reign—
Gone is the sun that gave them glory, too,
And heaven, earth, air, and sea, put on a deeper hue.

Sights, sounds, and odours, that surround me here,
Soften and sanctify the evening hour ;
The rose-enamoured nightingale is near,
Breathing delicious music in her bower ;
Herds low along the vales—young children pour
Their gladsome voices on the tranquil air ;
A richer perfume creeps from every flower—
Skies, fields, and waters, Beauty's mantle wear ;—
Nature's primeval face was not more calmly fair.

Blest hour of Peace, of Poetry, and Love !
Spell-breathing season—care-subduing time !
Dim emanation of a world above,
Hallowed and still, soft, soothing, and sublime !
My heaven-aspiring spirit seems to climb
Nearer to God, whose all-protecting wing
Shadows the universe ; my feelings chime
In unison with every holy thing,
That memory can give, or meditation bring !

The voice of Nature is a voice of power,
More eloquent than mortal lips can make;
And even now, in this most solemn hour,
She bids my noblest sympathies awake.
Nature, I love all creatures for thy sake,
But chiefly man, who is estranged from thee!
Oh! would that he would turn from strife, and take
Sweet lessons from thy lore, and learn to be
Submissive to thy laws, wise, happy, good, and free!

Now the lone twilight, like a widowed maiden,
Pale, pure, and pensive, steals along the skies;
With dewy tears the sleeping flowers are laden—
The leaves are stirred with spiritual sighs;
The stars are looking down with radiant eyes,
Like hosts of watchful Cherubim, that guard
A wide and weary world; the glow-worm lies,
A living gem, upon the grassy sward,
Uncared for and unsought, save by the wandering bard.

Now 'tis the trysting time, when lovers walk
By many a wild and solitary way,
Winging the moments with enraptured talk—
Breaking the silence with some plaintive lay:
Hushed be the tongue that flatters to betray
Confiding Woman in the tender hour;
Sad be the heart that will not own the sway
Of her ennobling, soul-refining power,—
She, of life's stormy wild the only constant flower.

I journey homewards; for the taper's light
Gleams from the scattered dwellings of the poor,
Down the steep valleys, up the mountain's height,
And o'er the barren surface of the moor:
Shadows are round me as I tread the floor
Of balmy-breathing fields; my weary feet
Bear me right onward to my cottage door;—
I cross my threshold—take my accustomed seat,
And feel, as I have often felt, that home is sweet!

My wife receives me with a quiet smile,
Gentle and kind as wife should ever be;
My joyous little ones press round, the while,
And take their wonted places on my knee:
Now with my chosen friends, sincere and free,
I pass the remnant of the night away;
Temper grave converse with becoming glee—
Wear in my face a heart serenely gay,
And wish that human life were one long Sabbath-day.

Some poet's song, inspiring hope and gladness,
Gives to my social joys a sweeter zest;
Some tale of human suffering and sadness
Brings out the deeper feelings of my breast;
Sad for the millions stricken and oppressed,
My cheek with tears of sympathy impearled,
I urge my little household unto rest,
Till morn her rosy banner hath unfurled,
And care shall call me forth, to battle with the world.

Blest Sabbath time! on life's tempestuous ocean,
The poor man's only haven of repose—
Oh, thou hast wakened many a sweet emotion,
Since morning's sun upon thy being rose!
Now thou art wearing gently to a close—
Thy starry pinions are prepared for flight—
A dim forgetfulness within me grows—
External things are stealing from my sight—
Good night! departing Sabbath of my soul, good night!

WHO ARE THE FREE?

Who are the Free?

They who have scorned the Tyrant and his rod,
 And bowed in worship unto none but God;
 They who have made the Conqueror's glory dim,
 Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb;
 Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong—
 Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong;—
 They who could change not with the changing hour,
 The self-same men in peril and in power;
 True to the law of Right—as warmly prone
 To grant another's as maintain their own—
 Foes of oppression wheresoe'er it be:—

These are the proudly Free!

Who are the Great?

They who have boldly ventured to explore
 Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before;
 Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
 Measured the sun, and weighed each distant star;
 Pierced the dark depths of Ocean and of Earth,
 And brought uncounted wonders into birth;
 Repelled the pestilence—restrained the storm,
 And given new beauty to the human form;

Wakened the voice of Reason, and unfurled
The page of truthful Knowledge to the world;—
They who have toiled and studied for mankind,
Aroused each slumbering faculty of mind,
Taught us a thousand blessings to create:—

These are the nobly Great!

Who are the Wise?

They who have governed with a self-controul,
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul;
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
But kept alive affection's purer fires;
They who have passed the labyrinth of life,
Without one hour of weakness or of strife;
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor;
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart—
Learned in that lore which Nature can impart;
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud,
Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud;
Looking for good in all beneath the skies:—

These are the truly Wise!

Who are the Blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered good for more than custom's sake;
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;

Whose looks have power to make dissension cease—
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace;—
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth, and ministers of love,—
Love for all moral power, all mental grace,
Love for the humblest of the human race,—
Love for that tranquil joy which virtue brings,—
Love for the Giver of all goodly things;
True followers of that soul-exalting plan
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;
They who can calmly linger at the last,
Survey the future and recall the past;
And with that hope which triumphs over pain,
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain,
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest:—
These are the only Blest!

MAY.

Bride of the Summer! gentle, genial May!

I hail thy presence with a child's delight;
For all that poets love of soft and bright,
Lives through the lapse of thy delicious day:
Glad earth drinks deep of thine ethereal ray;
Warmed by thy breath, up spring luxuriant flowers;
Stirred by thy voice, birds revel in the bowers,
And streams go forth rejoicing on their way;
Enraptured childhood rushes out to play,
'Mid light and music, colours and perfumes;
By silent meadow paths, through vernal glooms,
The enamoured feet of low-voiced lovers stray:
In thee Love reigns with Beauty, whose control
Steals joyful homage from the poet's soul.

THE POET TO HIS CHILD.

Hail to this teeming stage of strife,—
 Hail, lovely miniature of life ;
 Parent of many cares untold,—
 Lamb of the world's extended fold.

BYRON.

Welcome ! blossom fair !
 Affection's dear reward ;
 Oh ! welcome to thy father's sight,
 Whose heart o'erflows with new delight,
 And tenderest regard ;
 While on thine eyes
 Soft slumber lies,
 And, bending o'er thy face, I feel thy breath arise.

Upon thy mother's cheek
 Are trembling tears of joy :
 We have no thought of worldly pain,—
 Past hours of bliss are felt again,
 Unmingled with alloy ;
 May Heaven hear
 The prayer sincere
 Which, for thy earthly weal, a father offers here !

May death's relentless hand
Some kind protector spare,
To guide thy steps through childhood's day,—
To turn thee in religion's way,
By teaching early prayer;
In every hour
Check evil's power,
And in thy guileless heart, plant virtue's fadeless flower !

Youth hath a thousand dreams,
As false as they are fair ;
And womanhood's sad season brings
The stern reality of things—
Too oft the blight of care ;
For man deceives,
And woman grieves
When passion plucks joy's flower, and scatters all its leaves.

May no such lot be thine,
My loved and only child !
Nor sin's remorse, nor sorrow's ruth,
But wedded love and holy truth
Preserve thee undefiled !
And when life's sun
Its course hath run,
Be thy departing words—"My God ! thy will be done !"

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Grieved at the crimes and sorrows of mankind,
 My soul grows sick of this unquiet world:
 When shall the links of Error be untwined,
 And withering falsehood from her seat be hurled?
 When shall pure Truth pour sunshine on the mind,
 And Love's unspotted pinions be unfurled?
 When shall Oppression's blood-stained sceptre fall,
 And Freedom's wide embrace encircle all?

Celestial Hope! on thine eternal wings,
 Through all thy boundless regions, let me fly:
 Remembrance of the past no comfort brings,
 Oh, give the future to my anxious eye!

* * * * *

'Tis done! and lo, some prophet-spirit flings
 The mantle of its power, and I descry,
 Through the vast shadows of advancing time,
 A cheering vision, lovely and sublime.

Enchanting picture of that happy scheme,
Whose blessings few have known, yet all shall know!
I hail thy coming, for thy dawning beam
Shall fill the world with its unclouded glow!
Ere long the patriot's hope, the poet's dream,
Shall change to sweet reality below;
And man, the slave of ignorance and strife,
Wake to a birth of intellectual life.

In fancy I behold the home of love,
Bathed in the sunlight of an azure June,
Where the rich mountains lift their forms above
The crystal calmness of the bright lagoon;
Where timid Peace, like some domestic dove,
Broods in the lap of Joy, and every boon
That harmonizing Liberty can give,
Clings round a spot on which 'tis heaven to live!

I see no splendid tyrant on a throne,
Extorting homage with a bauble rod;
No senate heedless of a people's moan,
Cursing the produce of the fertile sod;
No sensual priest, with pampered pride o'erblown,
Shielding oppression *in the name of God*;
No pensioned concubine—no pauper peer,
To scorn the widow's or the orphan's tear.

I see no bondsman at his brother's feet,
The weak one fearing what the strong one saith;
No biased wealth upon the judgment seat,
Urging its victims to disgrace or death;
No venal pleaders, privileged to cheat,
With truth and falsehood in the self-same breath;
No dungeon-glooms—no prisons for the poor—
No partial laws to render power secure.

I see no human prodigy of war,
Borne on the wings of slaughter unto fame,—
The special favourite of some evil star,
Sent forth to gather curses on his name;—
Like him whose grave is o'er the ocean far,
At once his country's idol and her shame,
The bloody vulture of Imperial Gaul,
Whose loftiest flight sustained a fatal fall.

I see no honest toil unpaid, unfed—
No idler revelling in lust and wine;
No sweat and blood unprofitably shed,
To answer every rash and dark design;
No violation of the marriage bed—
The worst transgression of a law divine—
No tempting devil in the shape of gold,
For which men's hearts and minds are bought and sold.

Instead of these, I see a graceful hill,

On whose green sides unnumbered flocks are leaping ;
I see the sparkling sheen of flood and rill,

Through cultured vales their tuneful mazes keeping ;
And human habitations, too, that fill

A pleasant space, from leafy coverts peeping ;
And blithesome swains upon their homeward way,
Singing the burden of some moral lay.

Beneath a lovely and unbounded sky,

Which wears its evening livery the while,
What scenes of beauty captivate the eye !

What spots of bloom—what fields of promise smile !
And where yon calm and peopled dwellings lie,

There breathes no slave, there beats no heart of guile ;
But all is freedom, happiness, and quiet,
Far from the world, its restlessness and riot.

To healthful, moderate, and mutual toil,

Yon sons of Industry go forth at morn,—
Take from indulgent earth a lawful spoil
Of juicy fruitage, and nutritious corn.

Thus all the children of the common soil

Draw rich supplies from Plenty's flowing horn ;
There is no bondage, no privation there,
To heave the breast, and dim the eye with care.

There Woman moves with beauty-moulded form,
First inspiration of the Poet's song,
Her heart with fondest, purest feelings warm,—
Soul in her eyes, and music on her tongue;
Esteemed and taught, she lives above the storm
Of social discord, poverty, and wrong;
Graceful and good, intelligent and kind,
The loveliest temple of the mighty mind!

Her offspring, too, unfettered as the fawn,
With elfin eyes, and cheeks that mock the rose,
Chase the wild bees o'er many a flowery lawn,
Or gather pebbles where the brooklet flows :
A little world of purity is drawn
Around their steps; a moral grandeur glows,
Serene in majesty, before their eyes,
Moulding their thoughts and feelings as they rise.

Oh, blest Community! calm spot of earth!
Where Love encircles all in his embrace;
Where generous deeds and sentiments have birth,
Warming each heart and brightening every face;
Where pure Philosophy, and temperate Mirth,
The lore of Science, and the witching grace
Of never-dying Poesy, combine
To feed the hungry soul with food divine!

My flight is finished, and my fitful muse
Descends to cold reality again!
Yet she hath dipped her garments in the hues
Of hope and love, and she shall aid my pen,
With firm though feeble labour to diffuse
The lore of truth among the sons of men;
And when her powers shall tremble and decay,
May loftier harps sustain the hallowed lay!

A thousand systems have been formed and wrought,
Where man hath looked for good, but looked in vain;
A thousand doctrines writ, diffused, and taught,
Adding new links to Error's tangled chain:
But, oh! the Apostles of unfettered thought—
Unwearied foes to Falsehood and her train—
Shall lift the veil of mystery at last,
And future times atone for all the past!

TO FRANCE.

When shall I tread thy fertile shores again,
 Land of the warlike Gaul, salubrious France!—
 Land of the wine-cup, festal song, and dance,—
 Sweet lips, bright eyes, and hearts unknown to pain?
 My visions are as strong—perchance as vain—
 As those which haunt the captive in his cell,
 When fancy conjures up his native dell,
 With thoughts that make him half forget his chain.
 Treasured in memory thy charms have lain,
 Since last I saw thee in the summer glow,
 And wandered where Garonne's blue waters flow,
 Through scenes where Bacchus holds his joyous reign:
 I would in England that my grave should be,
 But let my vigorous years, oh, France! be passed with thee!

THE MAID OF A MOUNTAIN LAND.

I met with a joyous few last night,
Gathered around the taper's light;
Warm hearts were glad, and bright eyes shone,
Kind words were spoken in friendship's tone;
Calm truth fell pure from every tongue,
And voices awoke in the spell of song;
And one was there of that social band—
The dark-eyed maid of a mountain land.

A smile of delight from all went round,
As she turned to the casket of sleeping sound;
On the tremulous keys her fingers fell,
As rain-drops fall in a crystal well;
Till full on the ear the witchery stole,
And melody melted the captive soul:
She touched the chords with a skilful hand,—
That dark-eyed maid of a mountain land.

She sang of the bards of her native plains,
But BURNS was the soul of her breathing strains;
She sang of bold Wallace of Elderslie,
Who died with a spirit unstained and free;
She sang of the deeds of Bruce the brave,
Who fought for the crown his country gave;
She spoke of her home 'mid scenes so grand,—
That dark-eyed maid of a mountain land.

I have been with the buoyant dames of France,
In the pensive hour, in the mirthful dance;
I have looked in the gay Italian's eyes,
Sunny and warm as her own blue skies;
I have talked with the Spaniard, proud and fair,
With her stately step and her haughty air;
But I turn from all of a foreign strand,
And bow to the maid of a mountain land.

THOU ART WOOED AND WON.

Thou art wooed—thou art won—thou art wed,

Thou hast taken the vows of a bride;

May virtue keep watch o'er thy head,

And happiness walk by thy side!

May the man thou hast chosen for life

Prove all that I wish him to be;

May he find every joy in his wife:—

Success to thy husband and thee!

Thou art bound for a land far away,—

Thy bark spreads her wings on the main,

And the Bard thou hast praised for his lay

May never behold thee again.

No matter, he will not despair,

But when thou art gone o'er the sea,

Thy name shall be breathed in his prayer:—

Farewell to thy husband and thee!

THE CONTRAST.

“Look on this picture, and on this!”

SHAKSPERE.

'Twas evening's holy season, when the sun,
 Robed in a garment of resplendent dyes,
 Was going down in glory to his rest;—
 Not like a warrior on a bloody field,
 Begirt with all the horrors of his trade;
 But like a good man at his final hour,
 When weeping eyes are gazing on his face;
 When pale but fervent lips stir the hushed air
 With blessings on his head; when kindred hearts
 Throb with unuttered feelings for his loss;
 And—oh, triumphant hour for him!—when all
 The recollections of a well-spent life,
 Rich with the hues of charity and love,
 Crowd back to gild his passage to the tomb!

At that sweet hour of poetry and peace,
 Musing on all the miseries of men,
 I wandered far beyond my accustomed walk,
 And passed a lonely dwelling on my way,
 Whose abject air, and shattered window, told
 Where sin-born wretchedness had found a home.
 I paused to scan it closely, when a sound
 Of hoarse, deep curses smote my startled ear,
 Mixed with the breathings of a softer voice

In lowly supplication; and anon,
The sullen echo of repeated blows
Resounded from within; then wildly rang
A thrilling shriek of female agony,
And, flying to escape, the frantic wife,
All bruised and bleeding from her husband's hand,
Rushed from beneath his roof,—a famished race
Of terror-stricken offsprings clinging round her,
Whose cries and tears responded to her own.
Then came the drunkard to his cabin door,
His odious visage smeared with filth, and flushed
With loathsome drunkenness and baffled rage.
There stood the squalid victim of the dram,
A reeling nuisance in the eye of day,—
A living blotch on fair creation's face;—
There stood he, flinging to the summer breeze
A host of imprecations, strangely mixed
With songs of lewdness and obscenity;
Till, yielding to the overpowering draught,
Whose deadly influence crept through every limb,
The human brute rolled senseless in the dust.

Departing thence, disgusted and amazed,
The sounds of sin still ringing in my ears,
Another homestead met my wandering eye:
This bore a lovelier aspect than the last,
For order's hand had not been wanting here:
The glossy ivy mantled o'er its walls;
Round its bright lattices, the rose of June
Held sweet communion with the woodbine flower;
And, circled with an atmosphere of peace,
It seemed the resting place of holy joy.

I could not choose but linger at its gate,
In contemplation of its varied charms:
Before its humble threshold sat a father,
Earnestly reading to his darling boy
Instructive precepts from some moral page:
There sat a mother, too, mild as the morn,
Plying the needle with a thrifty art,
In whose meek glance shone forth a mind serene:
Stretched on the greensward lay a lovely girl,
With sunny ringlets on a brow of snow—
Like Alpine summits tinged with dying light—
A healthful, innocent, and happy child.

Oh, 'twas a scene to wonder at, and love!
For social error had so filled our land
With dens of infamy and homes of strife,
That 'twas a pleasing rarity indeed
To steal upon a spot so sweet as this.
Wrapt in a vision of delight, I stood
Till darkness deepened round, and one by one
The stars came out upon the silent sky,
Like angel eyes that watch o'er fallen man;
Then, with reluctant steps and slow, I left
The sober man's serene and blest abode.

Ye sons and daughters of my native isle,
Who labour at the wheel, the forge, the loom,—
Who wear—yet sigh to break—Oppression's chain,
Look on the simple pictures I have drawn!
And if one spark of slumbering virtue live
Within your hearts, let zealous Truth be heard,
And Reason guide you to the better choice!

TO POESY.

Thou simple lyre ! thy music wild
 Hath served to charm the weary hour,
 And many a lonely night hath guiled ;
 When even pain hath owned (and smiled)
 Its fascinating power !

H. K. WHITE.

Best solace of my lonely hours !
 Whose tones can never tire,
 Oh, how I thrill beneath thy powers,—
 Sweet spirit of the lyre !
 On streamlet's marge, or mountain's steep,
 In wild, umbrageous forests deep,
 Or by my midnight fire,—
 Where'er my vagrant footsteps be,
 My soul can find a spell in thee !

Thy home is in the human mind,
 And in the human breast,
 With thoughts unfettered as the wind,
 And feelings unexpressed ;
 With joys and griefs, with hopes and fears,
 With pleasure's smiles, with sorrow's tears,
 Thou art a constant guest :
 And oh, how many feel thy flame,
 Without a knowledge of thy name !

Beauty and grandeur give thee birth,
And echo in thy strain—
The stars of heaven, the flowers of earth,
The wild and wondrous main:
With Nature thou art always found,
In every shape, in every sound,
Calm, tempest, sun, and rain;—
Yes! thou hast ever been to me
An intellectual extacy.

When poverty's dark pennons wave
Exulting o'er my head,—
When hope's best efforts fail to save
My soul from inward dread,—
When woman's soothing voice no more
Can charm, with fondness that before
Such joyous comfort shed;—
Thy smile can mitigate my doom,
And fling a ray athwart the gloom.

When sickness bends my spirit low,
And dims my sunken eye,
And, wrestling with my subtle foe,
I breathe the bitter sigh;—
Again I seek thee—once again,
To weave a meek, imploring strain
To Mercy's source on high:
And—oh, the magic of thy tone!—
I feel as though my pangs were gone.

When light on expectation's wing
 My joyous thoughts arise,
Elate with thee I soar and sing,
 And seem to sweep the skies:
Though disappointment's voice of fear
Sternly arrests my wild career,
 And expectation dies;
Yet thou, unchanged, art with me still,
Wreathing with flowers the thorns of ill.

Misfortune's blighting breath may kill
 Hope's blossoms on the tree;
Mild Sorceress! it cannot chill
 My cherished love for thee!
When Death put forth his withering hand,
And snatched, of my domestic band,
 The darling from my knee,
Thou didst not fail to breathe a lay
Of sorrow o'er its sinless clay.

I loved thee when a very child,
 (For every song was dear;)
In youth, when Shakspeare's "wood-notes wild"
 First charmed my ravished ear;
In manhood, too, when Byron's hand
Swept the deep chords, and every land
 Enraptured turned to hear;
And oh, when age hath touched my brow,
Still may I cling to thee, as now!

The lonely swan's expiring breath
In mournful music flows;
He sings his requiem of death,
Though racked with painful throes:
Sweet Poesy! let such be mine,—
The calm, harmonious decline
To earth's serene repose!
May thy last murmurs still be there,
And tremble through my dying prayer!

HOPE.

Veiled by the shadows of obscurest night,
All Dian's host are shining unrevealed,
Save one fair star on heaven's unbounded field,
All lonely, lovely, fascinating, bright;
How clearly tremulous it hails the sight!
As if 'twould smile away the clouds that lie
Athwart its glorious sisters of the sky,
Prohibiting our earth their holy light:
So, as I stumble on the path of life,
Without one voice to cheer, one heart to love—
When all is darkness round me, and above,
And every bitter feeling is at strife—
The star of Hope my spirit can illume,
And draw fresh lustre from surrounding gloom.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

My child of love ! I look for thee
 When night hath chased the day ;
 Thy sister seeks her father's knee,
 But thou !—thou art away !

J. B. ROGERSON.

A DREAMY stillness in the calm air slept ;
 The moon was cloudless, and serenely wept
 Her tears of radiance in my lonely room,
 Giving a silvery softness to the gloom ;
 When Death—that mighty and mysterious shade—
 Beneath my roof his first dread visit paid,—
 His shadowy banner o'er my hearth unfurled,
 And broke the spell that bound me to the world.

Oh, mournful task ! at that subduing hour
 I watched the withering of a cherished flower ;
 I bent in silence o'er a dying child,
 And felt that grief which cannot be beguiled ;
 Held on my trembling knee his wasted frame,
 As the last shadow o'er his features came ;
 Saw the dull film that veiled his lovely eyes,—
 Received upon my lips his latest sighs ;
 And as the spirit calmly, softly passed,
 I knew that I was desolate at last !

A few brief hours, and he was borne away,
 And laid, soft sleeping, on his couch of clay.

Fond hearts that loved, and lips that blessed, were there,
That swelled with grief, and breathed the parting prayer.
The pastor gave his treasure unto God;—
I only heard the booming of the clod
That closed for ever on my darling son,
And told that love's last obsequies were done;
Then looking, lingering still—I turned again,
To quell my grief amid the haunts of men.

Yes, thou art gone, my beautiful—my boy!
Thy father's solace, and thy mother's joy!
Gone to a far, far world, where sin and strife
Can never stain thy purity of life;—
A young, bright worshipper at Mercy's throne,
While I am prisoned here, unblessed and lone,—
Lone as a shattered bark upon the deep,
When unrelenting storms around her sweep;
Lone as a tree beneath an angry heaven,
Its foliage scattered, and its branches riven;
Lone as a broken harp, whose wonted strain
Can never wake to melody again!
Thus have I felt for thee, child, since we parted,
Weary and sad, and all but broken-hearted.
I mourn in secret; for thy mother now,
With settled sorrow gathered on her brow,
Looks unto me for comfort in her tears,
While the soul's anguish in her face appears.
We sit together by our evening fire,
And talk of thee with tongues that cannot tire;
Recall thy buoyant form—thy winning ways,—
Thy healthful cheek that promised many days,—

Each pleasant word, each gentle look and tone
That touched the heart, and made it all thine own;
Gaze on the treasures which pertained to thee,
The constant sources of thy boyish glee—
Things which are kept with more than miser care—
The empty garment and the vacant chair;
Till, having eased the burden of the breast,
A tranquil sadness soothes us into rest.

'Twas sweet to kiss thy sleeping eyes at morn,
And press thy lips that welcomed my return;
'Twas sweet to hear thy cheerful voice at play,
And watch thy steps the live-long Sabbath day;
'Twas sweet to take thee on my knee, and hear
Thine artless narrative of joy or fear,—
To catch the dawning of inquiring thought,
And every change that time and teaching wrought.
This was my wish,—to guard thee as a child,
And keep thy stainless spirit undefiled;
To guide thy progress upward unto youth,
And store thy mind with every precious truth;—
Send thee to mingle with the world's rude throng,
In moral worth and manly virtue strong,
With such rare energies as well might claim
The patriot's glory, and the poet's fame;
To go down gently to the verge of death,
And bless thee with a father's parting breath,
Assured that thou wouldst duly come to lave,
With filial tears, a parent's humble grave.

Such was my wish, but Providence hath shown
How little wisdom man can call his own;

Such was my wish, but God hath been more just,
And brought my humble spirit to the dust.
I should not murmur that thou couldst not live—
Thou hast a brighter lot than earth can give :
Then let me turn to thy fair sisters here,
And hold them, for thy precious sake, more dear ;
Restore them to a place upon my knee,
And yield that love which I reserved for thee.

One hope remains—and one that never dies—
That I may taste thy rapture in the skies ;
Here let me bow my stricken soul in prayer,
Till God shall summon me to meet thee there !

A CALL TO THE PEOPLE.

Awake! the patriot poet cries—
 Awake, each sire and son;
 From long degrading sleep arise,
 Ere ruin is begun!
 The very echo of your name—
 The very shadow of your fame—
 Hath many a battle won;
 And can ye stoop to what ye are—
 Chained followers of Oppression's car!

Have ye not lavished health and life,
 At mad ambition's call!
 Have ye not borne the brunt of strife,
 Unbroken as a wall!
 Have ye not bled for worthless things,
 Priests, placemen, concubines, and kings;—
 Have ye not toiled for all!
 And can ye, in this startling hour,
 Still slumber in the grasp of power!

Awake! but not to spend your breath
In unavailing ire;
Awake! but not to deal in death,
Crime, carnage, blood, and fire;
Awake! but not to hurl the brand
Of desolation round the land,
Till all your hopes expire;
Lest vengeance rise amid the gloom,
To push ye to a deeper doom.

In pity to yourselves, beware
Of battle-breathing knaves,
Who raise their voices in the air
To congregated slaves;—
Those men who Judas-like betray,
Or lead through anarchy the way
To dungeons and to graves;—
Strong arms can work no great reform,
Mind—mind alone—must quell the storm!

Awake! in moral manhood strong,
Endowed with mental might,
With warm persuasion on your tongue,
To plead the cause of right;
Let reason, centre of the soul,
Your wild and wandering thoughts control,
And give them life and light!
Then may ye hope at length to gain
That freedom ye have sought in vain.

Oh God! the future yet shall see,
 On this fair world of thine,
The myriads wise, and good, and free,
 Fulfil thy blest design:
The dawn of Truth, long overcast,
Shall kindle into day at last,
 Bright, boundless, and divine;
And man shall walk the fruitful sod,
A being worthy of his God!

TO J. B. ROGERSON.

Thou who hast roamed with revery and song,
And won a wreath from Poesy divine,
I would not change thy pleasant dreams and mine,
For all the splendours that to wealth belong.
Why should we mingle with the sordid throng,
Who strive and struggle in the walks of gain,
Who sell their souls to purchase care and pain,
And speak of knowledge with a foolish tongue?
Have we not treasures which can not be bought;—
Perception of the lovely and sublime,—
The social converse, and the soothing rhyme,—
The quiet rapture of aspiring thought?
And let us hope that we may learn to claim
Some little portion of unsullied fame.

CLIFTON GROVE.

OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF H. K. WHITE'S POEM OF
THAT NAME.

How rich is the season, how soothing the time!—
For summer looks forth in its fulness and prime—
As through thy recesses, blest Clifton, I stray,
Where solitude slumbers in varied array;
How lovely these valleys that round me expand,—
The sylvan and soft with the gloomy and grand,
Where rocks, woods, and waters, harmoniously blent,
Give beauty and peace to the banks of the Trent.

Meek Evening broods o'er the landscape, and flings
A spell of repose from its dew-dropping wings;
No sound from the city disturbs the pure calm,
And the sigh of the zephyr comes mingled with balm;
No vestige remains of the sunset, that gave
A tremulous glow to the breast of the wave;
With the tears of the twilight the woodbine is bent,
As I tread with devotion the banks of the Trent.

How warmly, yet vainly, I yearn for the fire
That lit up the soul of that child of the lyre—
That student of science, of wisdom and song,
Who fled to your shades from the snares of the young!
Aloof from the heartless, the selfish, and proud,
From the mirth of the million, unmeaning and loud,
With the fervor of feeling which Nature had lent,
He sought your enchantments, sweet banks of the Trent,

Steal on, placid river; thy freshness diffuse
Through scenes rendered fair by the tints of the Muse;
Where tradition hath cast a mysterious glance,
And fancy created the forms of romance.
Oh! would that my hand with success could assume
The harp of your Minstrel, who sleeps in the tomb!
A share of my life and my skill should be spent
In singing your beauties, sweet banks of the Trent!

THE BLIND ENTHUSIAST.

He loved and worshipped all that's fair,
 In wondrous ocean, earth, and air;
 The grand, the lovely, and the rare
 To him were sacred ever:
 The thousand hues that summer brings,
 The gorgeous glow that sunset flings—
 The source whence every beauty springs—
 Can art restore? Oh, never!

He loved the music of the bowers—
 He loved the freshness of the showers—
 He loved the odours of the flowers,
 With passion deep and holy;
 All that the Poet's song hath stored—
 All that the minstrel's strains afford,
 Found in his soul a kindred chord
 Of mirth and melancholy.

He walks in hopeless darkness now,
With faltering foot and lifted brow;
If aught may human patience bow,
 'Twere loss of noon-day splendour:
Hill, wood, and stream, with sunshine blent—
Bright stars that gem the firmament—
All lovely things that God hath sent,
 How painful to surrender!

'Tis true, he wanders forth in gloom,
Dense and unchanging as the tomb,
Yet breathes no murmur at his doom—
 No sound of fretful feeling;
For, though from outward vision gone,
The things he loved to look upon,
He still beholds them, one by one,
 O'er memory's mirror stealing.

He seeks the haunts he sought of yore—
He sings the songs he sang before—
He listens yet to your sweet lore,
 Philosophy and Fiction;
And, happy in a cloudless mind,
A fancy pure and unconfined,
To Heaven's own will he bows resigned,
 And smiles beneath affliction.

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG NAPOLEON.

Sole offspring of an unforgotten sire,—

Spark of a meteor that aroused the world

To thoughts and deeds of danger, and unfurled

A hostile banner canopied in fire!

Thou, too, art summoned where the vain desire

Of slumberless Ambition sways no more;—

Where pride lies quenched—where glory's dream is o'er.

Now flattering Elegy awakes the lyre:

Shut out from life, just kindling to aspire,

With thee a thousand ardent hopes are dead—

With thee, perchance, a thousand fears are fled,

From foes who trembled at thy father's ire:

Thou hast not scattered diadems, yet fame

Hath linked a thrilling spell with thy exalted name.

DOMESTIC MELODY.

Though my lot hath been dark for these many long years,
And the cold world hath brought me its trials and tears;
Though the sweet star of hope scarcely looks through the
gloom,
And the best of my joys have been quenched in the tomb;—
Yet why should I murmur at Heaven's decree,
While the wife of my home is a solace to me?

Though I toil through the day for precarious food,
With my body worn down, and my spirit subdued;
Though the good things of life seldom enter my door,
And my safety and shelter are far from secure;—
Still, still I am rich as a poet may be,
For the wife of my heart is a treasure to me.

Let the libertine sneer, and the cold one complain,
And turn all the purest of pleasures to pain;
There is nothing on earth that can e'er go beyond
A heart that is faithful, and feeling, and fond:
There is but one joy of the highest degree,
And the wife of my soul is that blessing to me!

LAND AND SEA.

The seaman may sing of his own vast sea,
And the swain, of his own sweet land;
But it boots not where the wanderer be,
With a chainless heart and hand;
In storm the sea hath a fearful power—
A beauty in repose;
And the land is rich in fruit and flower,
Or bleak in winter's snows.

How free to bound o'er the waters wide,
Swift as the rushing gale!
How sweet to look from the mountain's side
On the calm and sequestered vale!
There's a charm in the green-wood's summer sigh—
There's a spell in ocean's roar;—
I have loved, I have sought them both, as fly
Spring birds from shore to shore.

I was born on the verge of the ocean deep,—

I have played with his locks of foam,
And watched his weltering billows leap,

From the door of my cottage home;

I would die on the breast of some lonely isle,

Where no rude footsteps sound,—

Where a southern heaven on my grave may smile,
And the wild-waves boom around.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

Scared at the aspect of advancing Day,

Stern Night puts off his starry robe, and flies;

The joyous lark pours forth his earliest lay,

And bathes his pinions in the dewy skies;

Behold the graceful smoke-wreath warmly rise

From quiet hamlets scattered far and near,

While from his sheltered home the woodman hies,

To win his bread where yonder woods appear;

Look down upon this laughing valley here,

Where stream and pool are kindled into gold;

And on the summer vesture of the year,

Flowers of all hues their balmy eyes unfold;—

Escaped from slumber's enervating arms,

I bound at Nature's voice, and own her purer charms.

Lo! reared sublime on his meridian seat,

The eternal Sun pours down o'erwhelming rays;—

How shall we bear the splendour of his gaze,

His fierce intensity of light and heat?

Nature grows faint where'er his fervours beat;
Shrunk are the flowers in summer's vestment wove,
Mute is the music of the sky and grove,
And not a zephyr comes the brow to greet:
Fit time to seek the woodland's dark retreat,
Where scarce a sunbeam trembles through the shade,
And, on the rivulet's fresh margin laid,
Pass noontide's hour in meditation sweet,
Far from all earthly sights and sounds, save those
Which soothe the harassed mind to solitude's repose.

Like the warm hectic-flush on beauty's cheek,
The hues of sunset linger in the sky;
But lo! as treacherous, they but brightly speak
The hastening close of day's expiring eye;
All richly now yon western glories die,
Quenched in the shadows of approaching night;
The quiet moon hath hung her lamp on high,
And Hesper's star breaks sweetly on the sight;
The flowers are closed, yet Zephyr in his flight
Bears living fragrance on his wanton wings:
Meanwhile, a pure uncertainty of light
Steals calm and soft athwart the face of things;—
Enchanting Eve! mild promiser of rest!
How dear thy presence to the mourner's breast!

Sweet is the smile of dewy-footed Morn—

Sweet the bright ardour of the lusty Noon—

Sweet are the sighs of Evening, when the tune
Of flute-toned voices on the air is borne;—

But sweeter still, when living gems adorn

His awful brow, is philosophic Night:

Then Contemplation takes a boundless flight,
Through realms untainted by this world of scorn.

What peace to sit beneath this shadowy thorn,

Where the lone wave steals by with gentle sound—

The wan moon's soft effulgence slumbering round—
And drink from fancy's ever-flowing horn!

What joy, when forth the unshackled spirit springs,
To hold high converse with all nobler things!

EPISTLE TO A BROTHER POET.

By some means or other I've gathered a hint
 That you sport with the Muses, and show it in print;
 So, being a somewhat presumptuous elf,
 And touched with the mania of scribbling myself,
 I have ventured to write, with the hope, in the end,
 To make your acquaintance, and call you my friend;
 For nought yields me pleasure more pure, than to find,
 In my rambles through life, men of merit and mind.
 That you lend me your friendship, is what I request,—
 Refuse it or grant it, just as you like best;
 But before you do either, pray, hold, if you please—
 I will draw you my portrait, and set you at ease:—

I'm a very strange wight, with a very strange name,
 Unaided by Fortune, unfavoured by Fame;
 I am homely in person, and awkward in speech,
 Yet am willing to learn, though unable to teach.
 Sometimes I am sunny, and buoyant, and gay,
 As the breezes and bowers in the bright month of May;
 Sometimes, like December, I'm rugged and rough,
 And heavy and gloomy, and peevish enough;
 But feelings like these are engendered in life,
 By poverty, toil, disappointment, and strife;
 But away with reflection, and care, and the rest on't,
 I live for to-day, and I'll just make the best on't.

I've a passion for Woman, and music, and joyance,
And from children I gain more delight than annoyance—
(As for Woman herself in the season of need,
Without her this world were a desert indeed!)

In my evenings of leisure I fly to my books,
With their quiet, unchanging, intelligent looks;
Whene'er I am with them, sweet visions come o'er me,
And as to my choice, why I read all before me;
Be it wisdom or wit, it can ne'er come amiss—
I have learning from that page, and laughter from this;
So between one and t'other, I manage to sweep
O'er a great deal of surface—but never go deep.

In Man I love all that is noble and great,
But war and oppression and falsehood I hate;
And oft has my spirit burst forth into song
Against every species of riot and wrong.
I'm a pleader for freedom in every form;
For my country I feel patriotic and warm,
Yet still I've no wish to disorder the land
With the flame of the torch and the flash of the brand;
I'm for measures more gentle, more certain, in sooth,—
The movement of morals, the triumph of truth;
And my hopes are that men who are toiling and grieving,
Will make this fair Earth like the Heaven they believe in.

My religion is Love,—'tis the noblest and purest;
And my temple the Universe—widest and surest;
I worship my God through his works, which are fair,
And the joy of my thoughts is perpetual prayer.

I wake to new life with the coming of Spring,
When the lark is aloft with a fetterless wing;

When the thorn and the woodbine are bursting with buds,
And the throstle is heard in the depth of the woods;
When the verdure grows bright where the rivulets run,
And the primrose and daisy look up at the sun;
When the iris of April expands o'er the plain,
And a blessing comes down in the drops of the rain;
When the skies are as pure, and the breezes as mild,
As the smile of my wife, and the kiss of my child.

When the Summer in fulness of beauty is born,
I love to be out with the first blush of morn;
And to pause in the field where the mower is blithe,
Keeping time with a song to the sweep of his scythe.
At meridian I love to revisit the bowers,
'Mid the murmur of bees and the breathing of flowers;
And there in some sylvan and shadowy nook,
To lay myself down on the brink of the brook;
Where the coo of the ring-dove sounds soothingly near,
And the light laugh of childhood comes sweet to my ear.
I love, too, at evening, to rest in the dell,
Where the tall fern is drooping above the green well;
When the vesper-star burns—when the zephyr-wind blows,
When the lay of the nightingale ruffles the rose;
When silence is round me, below and above,
And my heart is imbued with the spirit of love;
When the things that I gaze on grow fairer, and seem
Like the fancy-wrought shapes of some young poet's dream

In the calm reign of Autumn I'm happy to roam,
When the peasant exults in a full harvest-home;
When the boughs of the orchard with fruitage incline,
And the clusters are ripe on the stem of the vine;

When Nature puts on the last smiles of the year,
And the leaves of the forest are scattered and sere;
When the lark quits the sky, and the linnet the spray,
And all things are clad in the garb of decay.

Even Winter to me hath a thousand delights,
With its short, gloomy days, and its long, starry nights;
And I love to go forth e'er the dawn, to inhale
The health-breathing freshness that floats in the gale;
When the sun riseth red o'er the crest of the hill,
And the trees of the woodland are hoary and still;
When the motion and sound of the streamlet are lost
In the icy embrace of mysterious frost;
When the hunter is out on the shelterless moor,
And the robin looks in at the cottager's door;
When the spirit of Nature hath folded his wings,
To nourish the seeds of all glorious things,
Till the herb and the leaf, and the fruit and the flower,
Shall awake in the fulness of beauty and power.

There's a harvest of knowledge in all that I see,
For a stone or a leaf is a treasure to me;
There's the magic of music in every sound,
And the aspect of beauty encircles me round;
While the fast-gushing joy that I fancy and feel,
Is more than the language of song can reveal.

Did God set his fountains of light in the skies,
That Man should look up with the tears in his eyes?
Did God make this earth so abundant and fair,
That Man should look down with a groan of despair?
Did God fill the world with harmonious life,
That Man should go forth with destruction and strife?

Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave,
That Man should exist as a tyrant and slave?—
Away with so hopeless—so joyless a creed,
For the soul that believes it is darkened indeed!

Thus, I've told you, without an intent to deceive,
Of the things that I love, and the things I believe;
If I've glossed o'er my failings you need not abhor me—
What I've now left untold other tongues may tell for me.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

Oh, beautiful world! thou art fertile and fair,
But filled with oppression, and strife, and despair;
Hard, hard is the lot which thy children endure—
The thousands are wealthy, the myriads are poor;
These lavish their blood, and their sweat, and their tears,—
Those revel in splendour, yet shudder with fears;
But Love shall come down to the nations, and bring
Peace, plenty, and joy in the folds of his wing!

Rejoice! Oh, ye Sons of Industry! rejoice!
List, list to the sound of a glorious voice;
'Tis the sweet hymn of Freedom that gladdens the gale,
From hamlet and city—from mountain and vale;
Soon, soon shall we gaze on the light of her face—
Soon, soon shall we share her impartial embrace;
Prepare we to meet her wherever she roams,
And welcome her back to our hearts and our homes.

Oh, isle of my Fathers! fair Queen of the Sea!
Men call thee the land of the fearless and free;
They say thou art first on the records of fame,
They speak of thy glory, *but not of thy shame!*
Despair not, my country, for Truth is revealed,—
Her hands have the fountains of knowledge unsealed;
Thy children shall gather new life from the stream,
Till the pains of the past are forgot as a dream!

ON RECEIVING FROM A FRIEND THE
POEMS OF KEATS.

Thanks for the Song of Keats—as rich a boon
 As ever poet unto poet sent;
 Oh! thou hast pleased me to my heart's content,
 And set my jarring feelings all in tune.
 'Twere sweet to lie upon the lap of June,
 Half hidden in a galaxy of flowers,
 Beneath the shadow of impending bowers,
 And pore upon his page from morn till noon.
 'Twere sweet to slumber by some calm lagoon,
 And dream of young Endymion, the boy
 Who nightly snatched a more than mortal joy,
 From the bright cheek of the enamoured moon.
 Thanks for the Song of Keats, whose luscious lay
 Hath half dissolved my earthly thoughts away.

L I N D A .

A BALLAD.

Along the moorland, bleak and bare,
The blast of winter blew;
O'er midnight's dark and dreary face
The snow tempestuous flew;
When Linda, poor forsaken maid,
With none her griefs to share,
Kept on her rude and lonely path,
In silent, sad despair.

A babe clung to her aching breast,
Whose wild and feeble wail
Filled up the pauses of the storm,
And rose upon the gale;
And, ah! that helpless infant's cry
Smote heavy on her heart,
While visions pressed upon her brain
Too dreadful to depart.

She kissed its cheek adoringly—

At length it sweetly slept;

She raised to Heaven her streaming eyes,

And thus she prayed and wept:—

“ Oh! THOU who seest my contrite tears,

Assist me in this hour,

And show the spoiler of my peace

Thy mercy and thy power!

“ He found me in my quiet home,

While yet my cares were light,—

Ere sin had tinged my inmost thoughts,

Or sorrow breathed its blight;

His sighs of passion fanned my cheek,

But withered all its bloom;

He drew me down from innocence,

And left me to my doom.

“ My father drove me from his door,

With curses stern and deep;

My mother watched me as I went,

But only dared to weep;

My comrades in that pleasant vale

Where I was reared and born,—

They strove to shun me as I passed,

Or followed me with scorn.

“ And thou, my last, sole solace now,
 Reposing calmly still,
Sweet fruit of all my guilty joys,
 Whose lips are blanched and chill;
Thy sire’s away from thee and me,
 Where all are fair and kind,
Regardless of the ruined hopes
 That he hath left behind.

“ But, ah! what fearful sign is this!
 I feel no more thy breath!
Thy lips are cold—thy pulse is still!—
 Thy slumber, then, is death!
Oh, God! let not thy wakened wrath
 My shrinking soul pursue,
But since my child is gone to thee,
 Oh! take his mother too!”

With shattered frame, and mind subdued,
 Expiring Linda fell;
But let us hope that Heaven forgave,
 And Mercy whispered well!
Nor love’s, nor friendship’s voice was there,
 To breathe a soothing tone;—
She died upon that desert heath,
 Heart-broken, and alone!

Roused early to his daily toil,
A peasant bent his way
Where, stretched in lifeless loveliness,
Seduction's victim lay:
Her bones lie mouldering where she died,
Beneath the barren sod,
Crowned with a record of her fate,
Appealing unto God !

Young hearts grow sad, and youthful eyes
Grow tearful, at her name,
And trembling lips repeat her tale
Of misery and shame;
And gentle hands bring early flowers
To strew above her breast;
And kindred knees imprint the turf
Around her place of rest.

But where is HE—the cause of all,—
Lost Linda's only foe;
Who triumphed in that selfish joy
Which made another's woe?
Thou of the false and cruel heart,
Repent thee of the past!
This deed may stand in dark array,
To startle thee at last!

TO HYPATIA.

IN REPLY TO SOME BEAUTIFUL VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

I know thee not yet, gentle child of the lyre,—
 Thou of the kind and compassionate heart;
 But sympathy's song cannot fail to inspire
 A wish to behold thee ere life shall depart.

My harp speaks to thine with as trembling a tone
 As ever awoke from its feeble strings yet;
 But though 'tis unfit to respond to thine own,
 It tells that thy bounty I cannot forget.

If a maiden thou art, in the heyday of life,
 With thy feelings and form in the pride of their spring,
 May the hours that fly o'er thee with rapture be rife,
 And the purest that fall from old Time's rapid wing!

But if thou art wedded to one of thy choice,
 And duty hath called thee to mix with the world,
 May thy heart in its fondness have cause to rejoice,
 And the banner of love o'er thy head be unfurled!

If the sweet, sacred name of a mother be thine,
 And beautiful offspring encircle thy knee;
 Long, long may those blessings around thee entwine,
 Like tendrils that add to the grace of the tree!

The muse hath been with thee, that spirit of light,
Which flies not though friendship and fortune decay;
That star through the darkest and loneliest night,
That rainbow of peace through the stormiest day.

Yes, Poesy, sent from some bright source above,
Like a vestal flame burns in the depths of the mind;
'Tis an echo of music, and beauty, and love,
Awaking and melting the hearts of mankind.

The Poet hath piety, changeless and strong,
Which turns to the wisdom and wonders of God;
For every thing claims his glad worship of song,
From a world in the sky to a weed on the sod.

Abandon not, Lady, that glorious dower,
That treasure of thought which thy Maker hath given;
That fervor of feeling,—that language of power,
Those wings of the soul which exalt us to heaven!

Farewell to thee, Lady; wherever I be,
Whether shadow or sunshine descend on my brow,
Remembrance shall turn to thy kindness and thee,
And pray for thy peace as sincerely as now.

And when, after many but brightening years,
The rich flowers of summer above thee shall wave,
May the Pilgrim of Poesy come with his tears,
And touch his sad harp as he weeps o'er thy grave!

TO QUINTUS HORTENSIUS.

Quintus, my earliest intellectual friend,—

The first who listened to my artless lay;

The first who had the courage to commend,

And teach me to expect a brighter day;—

This humble tribute to thy worth I pay;

Though brief and rude, it springeth from the heart:

Thy warmth of soul may lessen and decay,

But my first feelings cannot all depart.

Let us not break from Friendship's holy thrall;—

Canst thou forget thine ancient cordial greeting,—

Canst thou forget that joyous Sabbath meeting,

When poesy and music gladdened all?

Then did the light of mind adorn each brow,

And thou wert kind and true, as I would have thee now.

LOVE AND WAR.

When the young soldier hastes afar,
His heart with noble ardour burning,
To brave the threatening front of war,
The joys of home and kindred spurning;
Though gazing on his ladye's charms,
He sheds no tear, he breathes no sigh,
But, bursting from her circling arms,
He utters forth his battle cry—
“Land of the foe, I come to thee,
“And my sword is drawn for victory!”

But when the storm of strife is o'er,
And fame hath blessed the gallant ranger,
He homeward turns his steps once more,
To rest awhile from deeds of danger;
His eye with conscious triumph beams,
His heart is light, his look is gay,
And buoyed by Love's delicious dreams,
He sings along the tedious way—
“Land of my birth, I come to thee,
“And my sword is sheathed in victory!”

A SKETCH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Dark Kinder! standing on thy whin-clad side,
 Where storm, and solitude, and silence dwell,
 And stern sublimity hath set his throne,—
 I look upon a region wild and wide,
 A realm of mountain, forest haunt, and fell,
 And fertile valleys, beautifully lone;
 Where fresh and far romantic waters roam,
 Singing a song of peace by many a cottage home.

I leave the sickly haunts of sordid men,—
 The toil that fetters, and the care that kills
 The purest feelings of the human breast,—
 To gaze on Nature's lineaments again,—
 To find, amid these congregated hills,
 Some fleeting hours of quiet thought and rest,—
 Tread with elastic step the fragrant sod,
 Drink the inspiring breeze, and feel myself with God.

Like heaven-invading Titans, girt with gloom,
The mountains crowd around me, while the skies
Stoop to enfold them in their azure sheen ;
The air is rich with music and perfume,
And beauty, like a varying mantle, lies
On barren steep, bright wave, and pasture green ;
On ancient hamlets nestling far below,
And many a wild wood walk, where childhood's footsteps go.

It is the Sabbath morn, a blessed hour
To those who have to struggle with a lot
Which clouds the mind, and chains the languid limb :
From yon low temple, bosomed in the bower,
Which prayer and praise have made a hallowed spot,—
Soars in the air the peasant's earliest hymn ;
And as the sounds come sweetly to my ear,
They say, or seem to say, that happy hearts are near.

Pray Heaven they are so ; for this restless earth
Holds much of human misery and crime,—
Much to awake our sympathies indeed ;
And though eternal blessings spring to birth
Beneath the footsteps of advancing time,
Myriads of mortal hearts in silence bleed :
Vain is the hungry mourner's suppliant cry ;—
Oh, Justice ! how is this ? Let Pride and Power reply !

Away, away with these reflections now,
The natural colours of a pensive mind
Yearning for liberty, and truth, and love;
For, standing upon Kinder's awful brow,
Breathing the healthy spirit of the wind,
Green lands below, and glorious skies above,—
I deem that God, whose hand is ever sure,
Will break the rankling chain that binds the suffering poor.

I look before me,—lo! how wild a change
Hath come upon the scene! yon mountain wall
Wears a vast diadem of fiery gloom;
A lurid darkness, terrible and strange,
Spreads o'er the face of heaven its sultry pall,
As though earth trembled on the verge of doom;
A fearful calm foretels a coming fight,
For Tempest is prepared to revel in its might!

It comes at length, for the awakening breeze
Whirls with a sudden gust each fragile thing
That lay this moment in unwonted rest;
The storm's first drops fall tinkling on the trees,
Heavy but few, as though 'twere hard to wring
Such painful tears from out its burning breast;
And now a deep, reverberated groan
Is heard amid the span of heaven's unbounded zone.

The lightning leapeth from the riven cloud,
Vivid and broad upon the startled eye,
Wrapping the mountains in a robe of fire,—
The voice of thunder follows, long and loud,—
Hot rain is shaken from the troubled sky,—
The winds rush past me with redoubled ire;
And yon proud pine, which stood the wintry shock,
Bows its majestic head, and quits its native rock.

Flash hurries after flash with widening sweep,
And peal meets peal, resounding near and far,
As though some veil of mystery were rent;
The headlong torrent boundeth from the steep
Where I enjoy the elemental jar,
Nor fear its rage, nor wish its passion spent:
But now God curbs the lightning, stills the roar,
And earth smiles through her tears more lovely than before.

How sternly fair! how beautifully wild,
To the sad spirit, is the war of storms,
When thought and feeling mingle with the strife!
Nature, I loved thee when a very child,
In all thy moods, in all thy hues and forms,
Because I found thee with enchantment rife;
And even yet, in spite of every ill,
I feel within my soul that thou art glorious still!

I leave the hoary mountains for the vale,
Which wears the milder features of a scene
Too rarely brought before my longing sight;
And where the streamlet tells its summer tale
To bright flowers bending on its margin green,
I walk with softened and subdued delight,
Breathing the words of some remembered lay,
Or talking with the things that smile around my way.

Oh! is it not religion, to admire,
O God! what thou hast made in field and bower,
And solitudes from man and strife apart;—
To feel within the soul the wakening fire
Of pure and chastened pleasure, and the power
Of natural beauty on the tranquil heart,—
And then to think that our terrestrial home
Is but a shadow still of that which is to come?

This is the fitting temple of high thought
And glorious emotion,—the true place
Of adoration, silent and sincere;
For all that the Eternal Hand hath wrought,
Having the form of grandeur and of grace,
Reminds us of a happier, holier sphere,—
Fills us with wonder, strengthens hope and love,
While the rapt soul aspires to brighter things above.

Farewell each Alpine haunt, each quiet glen,
Farewell each fragrant offspring of the wild,
Each twilight forest, and secluded vale;
I go to mingle with my fellow-men,
Bearing within me, pure and undefiled,
A store of beauty which can never fail:
In memory's keeping ye shall linger long,
And wake my lowly harp to many a future song!

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

He had a dream, ere midnight,
 Of a green and sunny dell,
 And trees, and streams, and shadowy haunts,
 Which he remembered well.

J. B. ROGERSON.

Deep in a loathsome dungeon's twilight gloom,
 Which scarce received a dubious gleam of day,
 Where many a wretch had found a living tomb—
 Pining for home, a prisoned Patriot lay.
 As the rich hues of sunset waned away,
 And land and sea with rosy radiance shone,
 Through the barred lattice came the evening ray,
 Beaming in beauty on the wall of stone,—
 And lingered, loth to leave that Captive sad and lone.

That brief reflection of the summer skies,
 Sent from the happier region of the spheres,
 Caught the poor mourner's dim and drooping eyes,
 And stirred the slumbering fountains of his tears;
 For all the rapture of his boyish years,
 And all his ardent youth's romantic spell,—
 All that fair Freedom—all that Love endears,
 Came like the sad tones of a vesper bell,
 While thus the Captive woke the echoes of his cell:—

“ Blest was my boyhood! when I wandered free,
Fearless and far, o’er mountain, moor, and vale;
When every season brought its share of glee,—
Life in the sun, and gladness in the gale;
When the young moon, that rose serenely pale,
Looked like a fairy bark through cloud-waves driven,
And the rich music of the nightingale
Sang like a spirit’s voice, which God had given
To teach the listening soul the melody of Heaven!

“ Lured by the genial freshness of the hour,
With buoyant step I bounded forth at morn,
And hied away to some familiar bower,
To pluck the wild-rose from the dewy thorn;
Or roved through fields of undulating corn—
Or watched the windings of some wizard stream—
Or lay beneath some beetling rock forlorn,
Wrapt in the quiet extacy of dream,
Till Phœbus flushed the west with his departing beam.

“ Around the precincts of my tranquil home,
I knew each barren spot, each cultured nook—
The pathless wild, the wood’s umbrageous dome—
The tumbling torrent, and the dimpling brook;
And ever and anon my way I took
Through scenes, alas! which I shall view no more;
For nature was my ever-open book,
Whose peaceful, pleasant, and exhaustless lore,
Gave to my craving soul the choicest of its store.

“ When time, at length, had knit my growing form,
And shaped my spirit in a manlier mould,
I loved to share the grandeur of the storm,
As its vast billows o’er the welkin rolled:
Oft have I borne the midnight gloom and cold,
In contemplation of those worlds on high
Which men call stars—those drops of heavenly gold
Which burn and brighten o’er the slumbering sky,
Like gems which cannot fade—like flowers that cannot die!

“ All that is lovely, tender, and serene,—
All that is wild, and wonderful, and strong,—
All that is free as it hath ever been,
Spoke to my spirit with a trumpet’s tongue:
The rush of winds—the roar of waves—the long
Reverberated thunder—the far boom
Of ever-restless Ocean—the glad song
Of birds and bees in sylvan haunts—the bloom
That sleeps in buds and blossoms, cradled in perfume;—

“ The opening splendour that Aurora yields,
Deep Noon, rich Eve, and philosophic Night;
The harvest waving on the peaceful fields—
The billowy forest on the mountain’s height—
The rainbow’s arch, prismatically bright—
The Summer music in the air that rings—
The sweeping cloud—the eagle’s sunward flight—
The joyous flutter of a thousand wings,
And all the boundless range of universal things!

“ Oh! I was calm and happy, though, as yet,
In all my gladness I had been alone;
But heaven was round my footsteps when I met
One gentle soul congenial with my own:
Like chords that thrill in harmony of tone,
Our thoughts, words, looks, and feelings were the same,
And o'er my heart so sweet a spell was thrown,
That e'en the Poet's glowing words were tame,
To paint the gush of joy that o'er my being came!

“ And I was blest, if man be blest below,—
The favoured father of as fond a child
As e'er brought gladness in a world of woe;
My household sprite, fair, frolicsome and wild—
The Ariel of my home, whose voice beguiled
My darkest hours—my peace-preserving dove,
Whose young affections, fresh and undefiled,
Gushed from his heart in syllables of love,
And winged my prayers for him unceasingly above.

“ Alas, for all my joys! in evil hour
I yearned to mingle with my fellow-men;
Left the calm pleasures of my cottage bower,
Never to taste tranquillity again:
I found the city a tumultuous den,
Where crime, oppression, ignorance, and strife,
Made up one mass of misery—a fen
Where every vicious weed grew rank and rife,
And flung a withering taint on all the flowers of life.

“ But why was this? the earth was passing fair,
Flinging rich gifts from her prolific breast;
The ocean, with its mighty bosom bare,
Wildly magnificent in storm or rest;
The heavens with wondrous beauty were impressed,
Whether in summer's noon or winter's night;
Lovely their varying splendours of the west—
Sublime their wilderness of starry light—
Hours when the soul hath wings to take unbounded flight.

“ A God of wisdom, harmony, and love,
Was seen and felt in all things, from the round
Of burning worlds that wheel their course above,
To the mute glow-worm on the dewy ground:
Where'er I roved, my eager spirit found
Things which reflected Hope's inspiring beam;
Some shape of beauty—some melodious sound,
Which touched my heart with joy; and could I deem
That Man was made to mar Creation's perfect scheme?

“ I raised my voice imploringly aloud,
And wicked men were startled into fear;—
Nor vain my cry, for soon a gathering crowd,
Haggard and worn with misery, drew near:
Some came to scoff, and some to lend an ear,
With wondering eyes and faces sadly pale;
My heart waxed warmer, and my voice more clear,
Till soft, persuasive Reason did prevail,
To make the thousands feel my true yet fearful tale.

“ Fired with the earnest eloquence of Truth,
My words warmed every listener to the core;
Inspired old Age, and in the soul of Youth
Aroused those energies which slept before:
I strove to teach them, from the sickening lore
Of Europe's annals—dark with many a stain—
How much of human tears and human gore
Had fallen unheeded as the summer rain,
That selfish men might reap unprofitable gain.

“ I bade them scan the universe, and see
What God had done for man; I bade them seek
That virtuous knowledge which adorns the free,
Softens the strong, and dignifies the weak;
I bade them deeply think, and calmly speak,
And promptly act at love or duty's call;
I urged them to be patient, mild, and meek,
But fearless, firm, and watchful; and withal,
To keep heart, mind, and limb, secure from slavish thrall.

“ I bade them leave those haunts of vice and gloom,
Where they profaned the Sabbath's holy hours;
To go abroad and revel in the bloom
That blushed in beauty on a thousand flowers;
To scale the mountains, thread the tangled bowers,
And by the brinks of brawling brooks repair;
To catch the freshness of the summer showers,
And breathe the life of unpolluted air;
Till the wrapt soul was filled with all of pure and fair.

“ I prayed that they would strengthen and employ
Each wiser, nobler faculty of mind;
Gather the gems of Science, and enjoy
Those flowers of thought which Genius had entwined;
I bade them walk with charity, and bind
The stricken heart by sin or sorrow riven;
Succour and serve the feeblest of their kind,
Moved by those sympathies which Love hath given
To soothe the ills of Earth, and win the joys of Heaven.

“ Had I been swayed by selfishness, and built
My hopes of glory on a rebel's name,
I could have led my followers into guilt,
And blown the sparks of discord into flame:
But no; I had a higher, holier aim—
And well my hallowed mission was begun—
To rouse my country from her slavish shame,—
To do what human effort could have done,
To make her free and blest;—and lo! what I have won!—

“ A felon's fare, and worse than felon's doom,
With fetters rusting on my fleshless bones;
This narrow prison of perpetual gloom—
This cold damp pillow of unyielding stones!
Far from Affection's gentle looks and tones,
My wife's fond smile—my child's rich voice of glee,
With none to silence or to soothe my groans,—
Father of Mercy! let me turn to thee,
I feel thy Spirit here, and bow to thy decree!”

The manly victim of Oppression's law,
Faint with the nightly vigils he had kept,
Sunk down supine upon his couch of straw,
And, lapped in brief forgetfulness, he slept.
Enchanting visions through his memory swept,
Flushed his pale cheek, and heaved his weary breast;
Fair forms and faces round his pillow crept,
Which he in early youth had loved and blest;
And voices such as these stole through his troubled rest:—

The Voice of Spring.

“ Come, Captive, come, let us joyfully roam
O'er the green and reviving earth;
While the skies are fair, and the vocal air
Resounds with the voice of mirth:
The dew-drop lies in the violet's eyes,
And the primrose gems the grass;
On verdurous brinks, the cowslip drinks
Of the brooklets as they pass:—
But Summer is near, and I may not stay,—
Come away, man of grief—come away, come away !

“ The lark sings loud in the silvery cloud,
And the thrush in the emerald bowers;
The rainbow expands o'er the smiling lands,
And glows through the twinkling showers;
The breeze, like a thief, from the bud and the leaf
Steals odours newly born,
And wantonly flings, from its viewless wings,
The breath of the blooming thorn:—
But Summer is near, and I may not stay,—
Come away, man of grief—come away, come away !

“ There is freedom on the hill—there is freshness in the rill—
There is health in the cheering gale ;
And the stream runs bright, like a path of light,
Through the maze of the folding vale ;
The wildest glen hath a charm again,
And the moor hath a look less stern ;
The cool, clear well in the woodland dell
Is fringed with the feathery fern :—
But Summer is near, and I may not stay,—
Come away, man of grief—come away, come away !

“ Glad Childhood strays through tangled ways,
In solitudes green and lone,
And Youth frolics free, with unwonted glee,
To music's inspiring tone ;
Old Age with his staff, and a merry, merry laugh,
Goes forth in my bright domain ;
Man, maiden, and boy feel the spirit of joy,
That comes with my gladsome reign :—
But Summer is near, and I may not stay,—
Come away, man of grief—come away, come away !”

The Voice of Summer.

“ Come away from the gloom of thy dungeon forlorn,
And escape from the thraldom of sorrow or sleep ;
Come, and catch the first hues on the cheek of the morn,
From the pine-covered mountain's precipitous steep ;
For the lark hath his matin hymn newly begun,
And the last star that lingered hath melted away ;
Every shadow falls back from the face of the sun,
And the world is awake in the fulness of day.

- “ Come away in the pride of my glorious noon,
And retire to some old haunted forest with me,
While the skies are unrobed, and the air is in tune
With the call of the cuckoo—the boom of the bee :
Where the brook o’er its pebbles runs drowsily by,
And green waving branches bend gracefully o’er,
In a trance of sweet thought, thou shalt quietly lie,
And dream all the Poet hath told thee before.
- “ Come away in the silence and softness of eve,
When dimly the last tints of sunset appear;
When day-light and darkness commingle, and weave
A mantle of beauty o’er mountain and mere ;
When the breath of the woodbine floats richly about,
And the glow-worm begins its pale lamp to relume ;
When a star here and there looketh fitfully out,
And a spirit of tenderness steals through the gloom.
- “ Come away while the shadowy pinions of night
Brood over the earth, like a bird in its nest ;
When the mind seeks to soar to those planets of light,
Which fancy hath made the abodes of the blest.
What heart can resist the deep spell of that hour,
When the moon goeth forth on her journey above,
And the nightingale, hid in the depths of her bower,
Pours abroad her full soul in the music of love !”

The Voice of Autumn.

- “ Thou lonely man of grief and pain,
By lawless Power opprest,
Burst from thy prison—rend thy chain,
I come to make thee blest ;
I have no springtide buds and flowers,—
I have no summer bees and bowers ;
But oh ! I have some pleasant hours,
To soothe thy soul to rest.

- “ Plenty o’er all the quiet land
Her varied vesture weaves,
And flings her gifts with liberal hand,
To glad the heart that grieves ;
Along the southern mountain steeps,
The vine its purple nectar weeps,
While the bold peasant proudly reaps
The wealth of golden sheaves.
- “ Forth with the earliest march of morn,
He bounds with footstep free ;
He plucks the fruit—he binds the corn,
’Till night steals o’er the lea ;
Beneath the broad, ascending moon,
He carries home the welcome boon,
And sings some old-remembered tune,
With loud and careless glee.
- “ Then come, before my reign is past,
Ere darker hours prevail,—
Before the forest leaves are cast,
And wildly strew the gale:
There’s splendour in the day-spring yet—
There’s glory when the sun is set—
There’s beauty when the stars are met
Around their pilgrim pale.
- “ The lark, at length, hath left the skies,
The throstle sings alone ;
And far the vagrant cuckoo flies,
To seek a kinder zone ;
But other music still is here,
Though fields are bare and woods are sere—
Where the lone robin warbles clear
His soft and plaintive tone.

“ While heaven is blue and earth is green—
Come, at my earnest call,
Ere winter sadden all the scene
Beneath his snowy pall;
The fitful wailing of the woods—
The solemn roar of deepening floods,
Sent forth from nature's solitudes,
Proclaim my coming fall.”

The Voice of Winter.

“ Lone victim of Tyranny's doom,
Bowed down to his pitiless will,
I come o'er the earth with my grandeur and gloom,
And though I have nothing of freshness and bloom,
I know that thou lovèst me still.

“ With a spirit unwearied and warm,
Thou hast sported with me from a child;
Thou hast watched my career on the wings of the storm,—
Thou hast fearlessly followed my shadowy form
Over mountain, and valley, and wild.

“ In the depths of some desolate vale,
Thou hast given thy breast to the blast,
As I built up my snow-drift, and scattered my hail;
Thou hast heard my stern voice in the sweep of the gale,
And shouted with joy as I passed.

“ Young Spring may be tender and bland,
With her flowers like the stars of the sky;
Bright Summer may breathe his warm soul o'er the land,
And Autumn may open a bountiful hand;—
But none are so mighty as I.

“ Through the silent dominions of Night
I go to my wonderful play ;
While the tremulous pole-star burns piercingly bright,
I cover the earth with a mantle of light,
To dazzle the dawning of day.

“ There’s a silvery crisp on the grass,
And a cluster of gems on the thorn ;
The boughs of the forest grow still as I pass,—
The reeds stand erect in the frozen morass,
Unstirred by the breath of the morn.

“ On the uttermost verge of the year,
As I sit on my crystalline throne,
I send out my frost-spirit, cloudless and clear,
And the rivers are stayed in their onward career—
The cataracts stiffen to stone.

“ But when my vast power hath begun
To lessen the comforts of men,
I withdraw my dim veil from the face of the sun,
And the floods, and the streams, and the rivulets run,
On, on to the ocean again.

“ But though I am savage and strong,
And though I am sullen and cold,
I have hearth-stones encircled by many a throng,
Who awaken the jest, and the dance, and the song,
As if they would never grow old.

“ Sad Captive, awake from thy thrall,—
Come back to the home of thy birth !
Festivity ringeth in cottage and hall,
Where the holly and misletoe garland the wall,
And shake to the music of mirth.

“ Fair forms which thou canst not forget—
Fond hearts with affection that burn—
The true and the tender are cheerfully met,
Where the wine-cup is filled, and the banquet is set
To welcome thy happy return.

“ The face of thy father is bright—
Thy child is awake on his knee—
The wife of thy bosom is mad with delight,—
Oh! fly to her faithful embraces to-night,
For Liberty waiteth for thee!”

Such were the visions that his grief beguiled,
And as the last voice to his fancy spoke,
He sprang to clasp the mother of his child,—
And in the frenzy of his joy—awoke!
Brief was that joy! for on his senses broke
The dread, dark, cold reality of pain;
He heard the midnight bell's discordant stroke—
He heard the clank of his unbroken chain,
And knew that he had dreamed of liberty in vain!

He spoke not, for his feelings kept him dumb;
He did not weep, for sorrow's fount was dry;
He could not move, so faint had he become;—
He only felt how gladly he could die.
Calm was his aspect, though his languid eye
Had something like a wild, imploring look;
Without a word, a struggle, or a sigh—
Stretched in the darkness of his dungeon nook,
He lay till his pure soul her tenement forsook.

Day dawned in splendour, and the summer heaven
Shone with a blue serenity of light;
To the rich bosom of the earth was given
All that is blooming, bountiful and bright;
Birds hailed the morn, and breezes in their flight
Swept fragrance from the flowers; rejoicing waves
Sang to the ear, and sparkled to the sight;
The world, too lovely for a race of slaves,
Seemed at that pleasant hour as though it held no graves.

But death had been his latest, kindest friend,
And snatched the Captive from his earthly thrall;
Though brief his course, and desolate his end,
Freedom was strengthened by her martyr's fall.
Ten thousand souls have answered to his call,
And sown the seeds of truth, which soon shall grow
To fair and full maturity for all;
And Man that hour of happiness shall know,
When universal love shall blend all hearts below!

TO SYLVAN.

Bard of the woods, thy tributary lay,
Though brief and simple, is a welcome boon ;
Thus may our souls in sympathy commune,
Through the rude song of many a future day.
Thou walkest forth with Nature, whose sweet way
Is ever open, lovely and serene ;
Thy harp is strung to Liberty, the queen
Whose voice all hearts instinctively obey.
The Muse hath moved thee with a gentle sway,
And plucked thee flowers of fancy here and there ;
Long may she soothe thee in the time of care,
When things less pure might lead thy soul astray ;
May all of good which thou hast wished for me,
Fall back with seven-fold bounty upon thee !

THE PROFLIGATE AWAKENED.

Away from my heart and my haunts, Dissipation!—

Away, for thy smiles are less sweet than before;
Thou temptest in vain, for thy guilty libation
Bewilders my soul and my senses no more!

Oh! cursed was the hour when thy cup stood before me,
All sparkling with light, and allured me to taste;
For thy spirit of folly and frenzy came o'er me,
And the feelings of virtue were running to waste.

Since then I have lived with thy Syren called Pleasure—
(Can Vice be allied with so gentle a name?)
My footsteps have trod each iniquitous measure,
Through mazes of ruin, disorder, and shame.

I have shared all the Drunkard's revolting excesses,
The fiend and the brute gleaming fierce in my eyes;
I have smiled at the harlot's dissembling caresses,
And fed on her loathsome and treacherous sighs.

I have sported with Woman's confiding affection,—
Exulted and triumphed o'er purity's fall;
And the pangs that awake in that one recollection,
Imbue every thought—every feeling—with gall.

Shall the Wife who despite of my injuries loves me,
Receive undeserving reproaches and pain?
Shall the Wife who in sorrow and kindness reproves me,
Appeal to my heart and my judgment in vain?

Ah no! to the dictates of truth and of reason,
Again, even now, let my ear be inclined;
Some Angel of Pity may bring back the season
Of long-banished virtue and peace to my mind.

Away with the soul-sinking draught that enslaved me—
A slumberless monitor bids me beware:
One drop from the fountain of Mercy hath saved me
A life of transgression—a death of despair!

Henceforth let the dear ones of home come around me,
With words of affection, and smiles of delight;
Let me cherish those ties by which nature hath bound me;—
The Sober Man's pleasures are boundless and bright.

TO LILLA, WEEPING.

Yes, thou hast cause to weep, lone maiden!
 Those dark and drooping lids are laden
 With sorrow's bitterest tears;
 Thine eye hath lost its wonted brightness—
 Thy cheek its glow—thy step its lightness,—
 No smile thine aspect cheers.

Think not of him whose arts bereaved thee
 Of peace and joy—whose words deceived thee
 In passion's witching tone;
 Although thy kindred turn and shun thee,
 And cast their cruel scorn upon thee,
 For errors scarce thine own.

I, too, have wept o'er many a token
 Of hope, and love, and friendship broken,
 Which wrung me to the core;—
 Fain would I charm *thy* soul from sadness,
 And bring the light of guiltless gladness
 Around thee, as before.

One heart hath never yet dissembled,
But with that hopeless feeling trembled,
 Which pride could not subdue;
And now, when ready tongues upbraid thee,—
When all abandon and degrade thee,
 That heart can still be true.

Come, let us leave the world behind us,
And where its malice may not find us,
 Seek out a home of rest;
There shall my own untired devotion,
Calm down each memory-stirred emotion,
 That lingers in thy breast.

~~THERE IS~~ BEAUTY.

There is beauty o'er all this delectable world,
 Which wakes at the first golden touch of the light;
 There is beauty when morn hath her banner unfurled,
 Or stars twinkle out from the depths of the night;
 There is beauty on ocean's vast, verdureless plains,
 Though lashed into fury, or lulled into calm;
 There is beauty on land and its countless domains—
 Its corn-fields of plenty—its meadows of balm:—
~~Oh, God of Creation! these sights are of thee,~~
~~Thou surely hast made them for none but the free!~~

There is music when summer is with us on earth,
 Sent forth from the valley, the mountain, the sky;
 There is music where rivers and fountains have birth,
 Or leaves whisper soft as the wind passeth by;
 There is music in voices that gladden our homes,
 In the lay of the mother—the laugh of the child;
 There is music wherever the wanderer roams,
 In city or solitude, garden or wild:—
 Oh, God of Creation! these sounds are of thee,
 Thou surely hast made them for none but the free!

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO THE CHILD OF MY POET-FRIEND, J. B. ROGERSON.

Young Ariel of the Poet's home,
Thou fair and frolic boy,
May every blessing round thee come,
Unmingled with alloy!
And wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray,
Along the world's uncertain way,
May love, and hope, and joy,
Their choicest flowers around thee fling,
Without a blight, without a sting !

A spirit looketh from thine eyes,
So softly, darkly clear;
Thy thoughts gush forth without disguise,
Unchecked by shame or fear:
There is a music in thy words,
Sweet as the sound of brooks and birds,
When summer hours are near;
And every gesture, look, and tone,
Makes the beholder's heart thine own.

Thou sportest round thy father's hearth
With ever-changing glee,
And all who listen to thy mirth
Grow young again with thee:
Thy fitful song, thy joyful shout,
Thy merry gambols round about,
Thy laughter fresh and free;—
All, all combine to make us bless
Thy form of life and loveliness.

Thou art a fair and tranquil thing,
When wearied into rest,
Like a young lark with folded wing,
Within its grassy nest;
But when the night hath passed, thy lay
Hails the first blush of kindling day,
And from thy mother's breast
Thou leapest forth with gladsome bound,
To walk in pleasure's daily round.

Oh, what a place of silent gloom
Thy father's house would seem,
If thou wert summoned to the tomb,
In childhood's early dream;—
With every beauty in thy form,
With all thy first affections warm,
And in thy mind a beam
Of rare and intellectual fire,
Such as hath raised thy gifted sire!

I had a child—and such a child,
O God! can I forget!
So fair, so fond, so undefiled—
I see his image yet:
With breaking heart, but tearless eye,
I watched my spring-flower fade and die,
My load-star wane and set;
And still I wrestle with my grief,
For time hath brought me no relief.

I mingle with the thoughtless throng,
But even *there* I feel;
I breathe *some* sorrow in my song,
But may not all reveal;
I know that nought of worldly ill
Can agonize my lost one, still
My wounds I cannot heal,
But wander musing, mourning on,
As though my every hope were gone.

Away with this unquiet strain,—
This echo of despair;
Why should I speak to thee of pain,
Or slow-consuming care?
Much have I seen of human strife,
Along the shadowy path of life,—
Much have I had to bear;
But ah! 'tis yet too soon, my boy,
To break thy transient dream of joy.

Child of delight! had I the power
Thy destiny to weave,
Thou shouldst not know one single hour
To make thy spirit grieve;
But earth should meet thy radiant eyes,
Like the first look of Paradise
To love-enraptured Eve,
And heaven at last should take thee in,
Without one stain of mortal sin.

SPRING.

I pause and listen, for the Cuckoo's voice
Floats from the vernal depths of yonder vale,
Whose aspect brightens at the gaze of morn.
Green woods, free winds, and sparkling waves rejoice—
Sweet sounds, sweet odours freight the wanton gale,
And April's parting tear-drops gem the thorn.
Through field and glade the truant school-boy sings,
And where in quiet nooks the primrose springs,
Sits down to weave a coronet of flowers;
From hill to hill a cheering spirit flies,
Talks in the streamlet—laughs along the skies,
And breathes glad music through the forest bowers:—
God of Creation! on this mountain shrine,
I praise, I worship thee, through this fair world of thine!

A FAREWELL TO POESY.

Another weary day was past,—
 Another night was come at last,
 Its welcome calm diffusing:
 Without a light, without a book,
 I sat beside my chimney nook,
 In painful silence musing.

The cricket chirped within the gloom,
 The kitten gamboled round the room
 In wild and wanton gladness;
 While I, a thing of nobler birth,
 A reasoning denizen of earth,
 Gave up my soul to sadness.

My children were resigned to sleep,
 My wife had turned aside to weep
 In unavailing sorrow;
 She mourned for one lost, lost for aye,—
 Pined o'er the troubles of to-day,
 And feared the coming morrow.

I turned the glance of memory back,
Along the rude and chequered track
 Which manhood set before me;
Then forward as I cast my eye,
Seeing no gleam of comfort nigh,
 Despairing dreams came o'er me:—

I thought of all my labours vain—
The watchful nights, the days of pain,
 Which I had more than tasted;
Of all my false and foolish pride,
My humble talents misapplied,
 And hours of leisure wasted :

I thought how I had wandered far,
Allured by some malignant star,
 In other lands a stranger;
How often I had gone unfed,
Without a home, without a bed,
 And lain me down in danger.

Thus, after twenty years of life
Made up of wretchedness and strife,
 Tired hope and vain endeavour,
I smote my brow in bitter mood,
My mind a peopled solitude,
 Remote from peace as ever.

“ Hence!” I exclaimed, “ ye dazzling dreams!
Nor tempt me with your idle themes,
Soft song and tuneful story:
I’ll break my harp, I’ll burn my lays,
I’ll sigh no more for empty praise,
And unsubstantial glory.

“ ’Tis true, I’ve sat on Fancy’s throne,
King of a region called my own,
In fairy worlds ideal;
But, ah! the charms that Fancy wrought,
Were apt to make me set at nought
The tangible and real.

“ I’ve loved ‘not wisely but too well,’
The mixed and soul-dissolving spell
Of poetry and passion:
I’ve suffered strangely for their sake,—
Henceforth I’ll follow in the wake
Of feelings more in fashion.

“ Farewell to Shakspeare’s matchless name,
Farewell to Milton’s hallowed fame,
And Goldsmith’s milder measures;
Farewell to Byron’s thrilling powers,
Farewell to Moore’s resplendent flowers,
And Campbell’s polished ‘Pleasures.’

“ Farewell, sweet Poet of the Plough,
Who wandered with a thoughtful brow
 By Coila’s hills and fountains;
Farewell to thee, too, Shepherd Bard,
Whose strain was wild, whose lot was hard,
 On Ettrick’s barren mountains.

“ Farewell, young Keats, whose luscious lore
With beauty’s sweet excess runs o’er,
 And all that Genius giveth;
Farewell to Shelley, with a sigh,
Whose strengthening fame can never die
 While Truth or Freedom liveth.

“ Farewell to *all* the needy throng,
Who waste their energies in song,
 And bright illusions cherish :
Here I renounce the Muse divine,—
Why should I worship at her shrine,
 To please the world—and perish ?”

TO THE POLES, AFTER THEIR
SUBJUGATION.

Devoted people! are ye fallen at last,
Spite of the widow's prayer, the orphan's wail?
What could a thousand patriot swords avail,
Where host on host poured merciless and fast?
Your strength—your hope—your freedom, too, is past!
Crushed by the ruler of a savage land,
In vain ye cried for some supporting hand,
While faithless nations meanly stood aghast:
Shame be their portion! could they hear the blast
Sent forth by harassed Liberty, nor save
Her noblest martyrs, the defeated brave,
Around whose limbs despotic chains are cast!
How could they stand the foremost of the free,
And turn unheeding from thy wrongs and thee!

THE CARRIER TO HIS PONY.

Farewell to thee, Bobby, since fate has decreed,
 Though my feelings at parting are painful indeed:
 The hand of the stranger may lead thee away
 To stables more costly, and pastures more gay;
 But fond recollection will still wander back
 To thy once happy stall and its well-supplied rack;
 To the friend who bestrode thee with pleasure's sweet throb—
 Adieu, my companion! farewell to thee, Bob!

Farewell to thee, Bobby; thy hoof never pressed
 The long sunny tracts of Arabia the Blessed,
 But Cambria's hills, of all spots upon earth,
 Lay claim to thy parentage, breeding and birth;
 Thy coat, though unpolished, was dear unto me;
 Thy limbs, too, though slender, were faithful and free;
 Thou wert willing to toil, whatsoe'er was the job—
 Adieu, my companion! farewell to thee, Bob!

Farewell to thee, Bobby; how oft hast thou sped
Long miles to procure thy old master his bread;
How I felt and acknowledged thy efforts to keep
A cautious, firm foot on the dangerous steep;
How cheerful I've seen thee thy journey pursue,
'Till home, that sweet resting-place, rose into view,
With pleasures unknown to the world's giddy mob—
Adieu, my companion! farewell to thee, Bob!

Farewell to thee, Bobby; I ne'er can forget
Thy artless attachment, my Cambrian pet;
For Man and his fellowship offer no charms,
And Nature hath shut me from Woman's fond arms;
Thou wert all that I loved—but 'tis done, thou art sold,
My friend and my peace I have bartered for gold;
I shall sigh as I look on the dross in my fob—
Adieu, my companion! farewell to thee, Bob!

Farewell to thee, Bobby; but ere thou art gone,
Take one measure more of the corn thou hast won;
Indulge once again in a long, cooling draught,
From the pool which for years thou hast heartily quaffed:
Thou goest; thine owner, who hears me complain,
Hath mounted thy saddle and taken thy rein;
And I see thee depart with a tear and a sob—
Adieu, my companion! farewell to thee, Bob!

THE OAK AND THE SAPLING.

I beheld an oak, a goodly oak,
In his prime he seemed to flourish;
For the sun o'er his boughs in beauty broke,
And the rain came down to nourish:
He shook from his locks the acorn cup,
To the grassy earth around him,
And soon a kindred plant sprang up,
From the fertile soil that bound him.

When the goodly oak looked calmly down
On the infant stem beside him,
And spread his broad, umbrageous crown
To shelter, shade, and guide him;
Some summer seasons came and passed,
Some wintry times of danger,
While the thunder stroke, and the boreal blast,
Swept harmless o'er the stranger.

But the tempest came in its ruthless ire,—

Alas, for the fondly cherished!

For the storm-bolt fell with its fatal fire,

And the shattered sapling perished;

Then the parent-tree, a lonely one,

Drooped fast in every weather,

And both, ere many moons were gone,

Lay stretched on the plain together.

STANZAS,

TO A CLEVER GIRL AGED EIGHT YEARS.

Child of reflection, I foresee
 A future eminence in thee,
 Which time shall not subdue;
 A wakening energy of mind,
 Which cannot—will not be confined,
 But burst in glory through.

If one of thy untutored age
 Can pour upon the pleasing page
 Those thoughts which else were mute,
 May we not hope that time will bring
 The early promise of thy spring
 To rich and goodly fruit?

Beneath thy father's watchful eyes,
 In years and honours mayst thou rise,
 With an unsullied name;
 And those sweet dreams which sway thee now,
 Entwine around thy maiden brow
 The thornless wreath of fame.

And as thy mind improves in power,
May every virtue be thy dower
Which smiling Heaven can give;
May love and charity impart
Those sweet emotions of the heart,
Which feel for all that live.

Mine are two daughters of thy years,
Who have been reared 'mid toils and tears,
Untaught and unrefined;
I do no wish they had thy wealth,
But cheerful labour, food, and health,
And thy expanding mind.

WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

Softly careering on the wintry breeze,
 Comes the faint music of yon distant bells,
 As sad I sit beneath these naked trees,
 Whose mournful sobbings sound like Joy's farewells.
 Touched by their melody, my full heart swells—
 The cloudy future and the happy past
 Around me come, till retrospection dwells
 With vain regret on days which could not last.
 Behold me on the sea of Manhood cast,
 Without a chart to guide or helm to steer;
 The constant sport of every adverse blast—
 No breeze of hope, no port of shelter near;
 But time shall speed me o'er the dangerous wave—
 There is no peaceful haven but the grave!

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE UNEDUCATED.

It is not good that man be without knowledge.

PROVERBS.

Well may the pure Philanthropist complain
Of Barbarism's rude, protracted reign;
Well may he yearn to curb its savage sway,
When insult galls him on the public way;
When every human haunt, in every hour,
Can furnish proofs of a degrading power,—
Where lewd deportment and unpolished jeer
Offend the eye, and jar upon the ear,
And beings fashioned by a Power benign,
Seem to forget their Maker's hand divine.

Turn to the city, and let Truth declare
How much of what we mourn is centred there;
At every step how many evils greet
The wandering eye, and catch unwary feet,—
The thousands who neglect each worthy aim,
For brutalizing sport and vulgar game;
The stately tavern, with unholy light,
Glaring athwart the shadows of the night;
The sickening scene of drunkenness and din,
Where song and music minister to sin;

The ribald language and the shameless face,
 The guilty passion and the lewd embrace;
 The crafty mendicant, the felon vile,
 The ruffian's menace, and the harlot's wile;
 The artful gesture, the lascivious leer,
 The lip of falsehood, and the specious tear;
 The gambler broken upon Fortune's wheel,
 The deep despair which pride can not conceal;
 And, closing all, the dungeon's awful gloom,
 Where ripe transgression finds an early doom.

Such is this moral wilderness; and so
 Profuse and rank its thousand evils grow;
 And though 'tis true that worthier plants are found,
 Struggling for life in uncongenial ground,—
 Their buds of promise wither as they spring,
 Fanned by Adversity's malignant wing;
 Or, far too few a just regard to share,
 They "waste their sweetness on the desert air;"
 While sordid ignorance and sorrowing ruth,
 Usurp the place of happiness and truth.

Not to the town are vicious things confined,
 But fly abroad, unfettered as the wind;
 O'er human feelings sway with stern control,
 And sit in shadow on the human soul.

Behold the wretch, besotted and beguiled,
 Whose hours are wasted and whose thoughts defiled,
 Within those dens of drunkenness, that stand
 Breathing a moral poison o'er the land:
 Say, can ye view his lineaments, and trace
 Aught of intelligence and manly grace?

Where is the soul's serene effulgence—where?
 Worse than Cimmerian darkness broodeth there.
 Pent in a narrow and a noisome room,
 Where sound is discord, and where light is gloom—
 He drinks, talks loudly, and with many a curse,
 Rails at his lot, yet blindly makes it worse;
 Of freedom and oppression learns to rave,
 Himself at once the enslaver and the slave;—
 Slave to a thousand vices that destroy
 His public honour, and his private joy;
 Surround him with an atmosphere of strife,
 And take all sweetness from his cup of life.
 But hark! at once forgetful of his theme,
 “A change comes o'er the spirit of his dream;”
 Renewed potations put all care to flight,
 And mirth becomes the watch-word of the night.
 The ribald tale, loose jest, and song obscene,
 Provoke the draught and fill the pause between;
 And as the cup of frenzy circles round,
 The last remains of decency are drowned;
 Through every vein the subtle demon flies,
 Distorts the visage and inflames the eyes;
 Brings out the hidden rancour of the breast,
 In selfish thoughts malignantly expressed;
 From every tongue a loud defiance falls,
 Till general uproar echoes round the walls.

Seek ye the drunkard at his sober toil,
 Tending the loom, or sweating o'er the soil,—
 An unenlightened slave your glance shall greet,
 Scarce wiser than the clod beneath his feet.

Then turn ye to his household; who can tell
 The daily feuds of that domestic hell?
 Where the harsh husband and the fretful wife
 Live in a bitter element of strife;
 Where sons, grown wild, no gentle force can tame,
 Heirs to the father's vices and his shame;
 Where daughters from the path of duty stray,
 And cast the charm of modesty away:
 Without one sweet remembrance of the past,
 They wed themselves to misery at last.

Though sad the subject of my feeble strain,
 'Tis no creation of the poet's brain;
 Though rude and dark the picture I have traced,
 Its painful truth has yet to be effaced.
 All are not equally in heart depraved,—
 All are not equally in soul enslaved;
 Yet, even those who curb some few desires,
 And walk with prudence as the world requires,—
 They cannot feel the pure delight that springs
 From constant converse with all nobler things;
 Bound to a beaten track, they cannot know
 How many flowers along its margin grow;
 They reap no joy from wit or wisdom's lore,
 But toil, eat, drink, and sleep—and nothing more.

And must this ever be? must man's sad doom
 Be still to walk in fetters and in gloom;—
 An unimproving savage from his birth—
 A mere machine of animated earth?
 Must he still live in mind and limb a slave,
 Groping his weary passage to the grave?

If so, then he was born to wear a chain,
And God endowed him with a soul in vain!

Ye wealthy magnates of my native land,
Stretch forth, in pity, an assisting hand;
Give back a portion of your ample store,
To purchase wholesome knowledge for the poor:
Knowledge to search the universe, and find
Exhaustless food and rapture for the mind;
Knowledge to nurse those feelings of the breast
Which yield them peace, and banish all the rest;
Knowledge to know the wrong, and choose the right,
Increasing still in intellectual might,
'Till falsehood, error, thralldom, crime, and ruth
Melt in the splendour of immortal truth.

Priests of Religion, if to you be given
A delegated love and power from heaven,
Forget the jar of interests and creeds,
And cherish virtue less in words than deeds.
Give us a proof of your high mission here,—
Be zealous, upright, gentle and sincere;
Use the pure doctrines of the Sacred Page,
To rouse and rectify the selfish age;
Speak to the millions with a father's voice,
'Till every child of darkness shall rejoice;
Reject the formal prayer, the flowery speech,—
Your best and noblest province is to teach;
Nor need ye spend your energies for nought,
While one sad soul is willing to be taught.

Oh! glorious task! and be that task your own,
To wake new feelings in the heart of stone,

To free the mind from each unworthy thrall,
And bring the boon of liberty to all.

Go to the sons of Labour, and inspire
Their sluggish souls with intellectual fire;
Teach them to think, and, thinking, to explore
A glorious realm unknown to them before;
Give them the eyes of Knowledge, to behold
The wondrous things which Science can unfold;
Teach them to feel the beauty and the grace
Which breathe unceasingly from Nature's face:
The purity of Spring's delicious morn,
When pleasant sounds and mingled sweets are born;
The silent splendour of a Summer's noon,
When earth is sleeping in the lap of June;
The gorgeous hues of Autumn's evening hour,—
Corn in the fields, and fruitage in the bower;
The night of Winter, whose vast flag unfurled,
Is gemmed with stars, and every star a world;
From these the mind shall wing its way above,
To Him, the soul of harmony and love.

Oh, teach them this,—and more than this, impart
A humanizing sympathy of heart;
That God-like feeling of the gentle breast,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest;
That charitable link, which ought to bind
The highest and the humblest of mankind!

Would they be free,—Oh, teach them to despise
The heart of hatred, and the lip of lies,
Of those who seek to lead them from the way
Of peace and truth, to dazzle and betray:

Tell them that freedom never yet was won
 By the rash deeds that Anarchy hath done;
 Tell them that mental, and that moral power,
 Which grows and strengthens with each passing hour,
 Shall break the tyrant's rod, the bondsman's chain,
 Without the bleeding of one human vein.

Would they be blest,—Oh, teach them to become
 The source of blessings in their tranquil home;
 To break the stubborn spirit of the child,
 With firm example and with precept mild;
 To pour into the ear of growing youth,
 All the pure things of knowledge and of truth;
 To help the gentle and enduring wife,
 To banish care, and poverty, and strife;
 In every word, in every deed to blend
 The sage, the sire, the husband, and the friend.

Ye sacred Preachers, who profess to show
 The shortest path to happiness below,—
 Ye sons of Science, who have brought to birth
 Ten thousand hidden wonders of the earth,—
 Ye mighty Poets, who have sung so well
 The beauties of the world wherein ye dwell,—
 Ye true Philanthropists, who yearn to chase
 The sins and sorrows of the human race,—
 Your love, your power, your intellect unite,
 And bring mankind from darkness into light.

They come, a feeling and a faithful band,
 To teach the lowly of my native land;
 Knowledge is waving her exulting wings,
 And truth is bursting from a thousand springs;

A few brief years, this present hour shall seem
The dim remembrance of a painful dream.

Blest be your efforts, ye enlightened few,
Followers of knowledge, and of virtue too;
Ye who are toiling with a generous zeal,
Your end and hope, the poor man's mental weal:
Blest be your liberal, well-directed plan
To cheer, instruct, and elevate the man,—
Yield him a solace to subdue his cares,
And make him worthy of the form he wears!

THE CHILD OF SONG.

“What is he?
 The worshipped and the poor,—A CHILD OF SONG!”
 ELIZA COOK.

A Child of Song! Oh, sadly pleasing name,
 Which steals like music o'er my gladdened heart,
 And, uttered by the myriad lips of fame,
 Becomes a spell whose power will ne'er depart.

Oh! Child of Song, the voice of memory brings
 Strange recollections of thy life and lyre;—
 The pride that burns, the poverty that stings,
 The brief hopes born to dazzle and expire.

I think of him, the mighty one of old—
 Time-honoured Homer, aged, poor, and blind;
 Who suffered much, as history hath told,
 Yet filled the world with his immortal mind.

I think of Ovid, by the lonely main
 Mourning his exile from imperial Rome;
 Of Tasso, writhing in his dungeon chain,
 Removed from love, from liberty, and home.

I think of Milton—Christian, bard, and sage,
Who sang man's primal purity and sin,
Who strove for freedom in a stormy age,
Bereft of light, save that which burned within.

Musing on Chatterton, my eyes grow dim
With heartfelt tears, which will not be denied;
Well may a kindred spirit feel for him,
“The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.”

Nor less for Burns, that splendour of the north,
That bright, brief meteor in the heaven of song;
Though frail, his heart could sympathise with worth,
Though poor, his soul could spurn the oppressor's wrong.

And where lies gentle Keats, to whom was given
The rarest gift that moves the minds of men?
Beneath the blue of an Italian heaven,
Slain by the poison of the critic's pen.

These and a thousand more have wrestled hard,
Beneath Misfortune's unrelenting ban;
The selfish world withheld the due reward,—
Worshipped the *poet*, but o'erlooked the *man*.

Such is the minstrel's lot; yet do not deem
That all things unto him are sad and cold;
For he hath joy amid the realms of dream,
And mental treasures which can not be told.

His is the universe,—around, above,
Beauty is ever present to his eye;
He breathes the elements of hope and love,
And shrines his thoughts in words which ne'er will die.

When ills oppress, he grasps the soothing lyre,
And throws his cunning hand athwart the strings,
Feels in his soul the pure etherial fire,
And links his language with eternal things.

Beneath the grandeur of the palace dome
The living music of his song is heard;
Beneath the roof-tree of the humble home,
The strongest soul, the coldest heart is stirred.

Then who would change the poet's dark career
For all that power can grant, that wealth can give?
Man's common lot may be his portion here,
But when *he* dies *he does not cease to live!*

TO B. S.

While yet my harp retains its youthful tone,
 And rings responsive to the voice of song;
 Ere the cold world shall leave the Bard alone,
 While yet my feelings are unstained and strong,—
 Thou who wouldst make the Slaves of England free,
 I weave this tribute of regard to thee,

Thou hast a head for knowledge and for truth,—
 Thou hast a heart for friendship and for love;
 And though the world may bind thee down, in sooth,
 Thy soul doth often take a flight above
 The vulgar level of ignoble things,
 Sweeping the realms of thought with vigorous wings.

My chequered lot may yet be darker still,—
 For *thee*, Old Time may have bright days in store;
 But through our brief existence, good or ill,
 May our two hearts but sympathise the more,
 Without one hour of coldness, care, or strife,
 To fling its shadow on the path of life.

MY COUNTRY AND MY QUEEN.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye loyal band,
In social mirth and glee,
And yield the Sovereign of your land
The homage of the free;
Let no rude tongue your pleasures mar,
Nor discord come between;
Be this the spell of harmony,—
Your Country and your Queen.

Let friendship fill the festal cup,
Dispensing joy to all;
Let the rich forget that they are great,
The poor forget their thrall;
Let generous feelings spring to life,
Where enmity hath been,
And faction fear the Patriot cry—
“My Country and my Queen!”

The Briton's fame o'er all the earth
Is scattered far and wide;
They own his power on every shore,
He's lord on ocean's tide;
Oh! he hath played a fearless part,
In many a glorious scene,
And still his manly breast shall guard
His Country and his Queen.

Why should I sing of blood and strife?—
Let War's red flag be furled;
And never meet the breeze again,
To rouse a peaceful world:
Let nations turn to Freedom's star,
And Truth's unclouded sheen;
Let Britain's sons have cause to bless
Their Country and their Queen.

Then, hail, Victoria! hail to thee!
Our hearts shall be thine own;
We pray that Heaven may lend thee light
To dignify the throne:
Thou rulèst o'er as fair a realm
As e'er the sun hath seen;
Long may thy People's watch-word be,—
“Our Country and our Queen!”

ON HEARING THE CUCKOO.

Cuckoo, once more I hear thy pleasant voice
From the green depths of yonder sun-lit grove;
Thy note can make my saddened heart rejoice,
And lift my soul, with gratitude and love,
To that Creator who hath power to move
The various seasons in their destined round;
For every feature of the world can prove
Might, love, and wisdom wondrous and profound.
Thou bird of endless spring, had I the power
With thee to cross the ocean's vast expanse,—
To breathe the fragrance of each spicy bower,
And watch each summer in its bright advance,—
Then would I strive, with constant rapture fired,
To paint the thoughts those glowing scenes inspired.

TO JULIUS.

Oh, Julius! friend of the forsaken poor,

Champion of all who feel the Oppressor's wrong—
Teacher of doctrines destined to endure;

Thou fightest for the weak against the strong,—

Thy name is breathed by many a grateful throng:
A few may slander thee, but thousands raise
Their loud and fearless voices in thy praise,
Speaking of virtues which to thee belong.

Keep on, and swerve not in thy high career,—

Be what thou hast been, do as thou hast done;
And if thy heart be, as we think, sincere,

Then heaven will prosper what thou hast begun:
That God who set the sons of Israel free,
Shall shield, shall animate, and strengthen thee!

~~THERE'S~~ FALSEHOOD.

There's falsehood in those eyes of light,
 In every glance, in every ray;
 Too like those meteors of the night,
 Which sparkle, lure us, and betray:—
 Oh, turn those fatal eyes from me,
 For mine have ceased to weep for thee.

There's falsehood on thy lip, alas!
 Severer far than its disdain;
 Oh, that its broken vows could pass,
 Lost in oblivion, back again!
 That lip hath breathed no truth to me,
 And mine shall cease to speak of thee.

There's falsehood in thy heart of guile,—
 Couched in the centre, there it lies;
 Thy ready tear, thy dazzling smile,
 Fling o'er the fiend a sweet disguise:—
 Away, frail maid, thy heart is free,
 And mine hath ceased to throb for thee!

THE ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HYPATIA.

The sun was away in the golden west,
 And the lark had returned to his lowly nest;
 And a hush and a feeling o'er earth was cast,
 Which told that the glory of day was past;—
 As I lingered to muse in a valley fair,
 Where the Wild-Rose blushed in the scented air,
 And sighed, as she drooped on her trembling tree—
 “My own loved Nightingale, come to me!”

The sun went down, but the summer moon
 Rose up from her eastern harem soon,
 And flung on the path of approaching night
 Soft gleams from her bosom of pearly light.
 Pale Evening paused as she turned and wept
 On the folded flowers as they sweetly slept;—
 But the Rose still sighed on her trembling tree—
 “My own loved Nightingale, come to me!”

At length night came,—a mysterious hour,
When silence and gloom have a wondrous power;
And the sky hung o'er my uplifted head,
Like a gem-strewn floor where the angels tread:
The glow-worm shone, and the vesper-star
Looked out from its deep blue home afar,
And the Nightingale sang from his shadowy tree—
“My own loved Rose, I am come to thee!”

The minstrel of solitude sang so well,
That my soul soon caught the melodious spell;
And my fond heart felt what my ear had heard,—
A lesson of love from that lonely bird:
I flew to the maid of my youthful choice,
With a bounding step and an earnest voice,
And cried, as I bent my adoring knee—
“Bright Rose of Truth, I am come to thee!”

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A SELECTION OF POEMS, ENTITLED
 "THE TOKEN OF AFFECTION."

Behold Affection's garden, whose sweet flowers,
 A blending of all odours, forms, and hues,
 Were nursed by Fancy and the gentle Muse,
 In heaven-born Poesy's delightful bowers.
 Ye who appreciate the Poet's powers,
 And love the bright creations of his mind,
 Come, linger here awhile, and ye shall find
 A noble solace in your milder hours;
 Here Byron's genius like an eagle towers
 In dread sublimity, while Rogers' lute,
 Moore's native harp, and Campbell's classic flute,
 Mingle in harmony, as beams with showers.
 Can their high strains of Inspiration roll,
 Nor soothe the heart, nor elevate the soul?

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Oh! tempt me no more to the wine-brimming bowl,
Nor say 'twill arouse me to gladness;
I have felt how it breaks the repose of the soul,
And fires every frailty to madness;
But fill me a cup where the bright waters flow,
From that health and freshness I'll borrow;
'Tis the purest of nectars that sparkle below,
Since it brings neither sickness nor sorrow.

Oh! look not for me where the Drunkard is found,
A stranger to virtue and quiet;
Where the voice of affection and conscience is drowned,
In fierce Bacchanalian riot:
On the hearth of my home, a more tranquil retreat,
My enjoyments are guiltless and cheering,
Where the smile of my wife becomes daily more sweet,
And the kiss of my child more endearing.

Oh! turn thee, deluded one, turn and forsake
Those haunts whose excitements enslave thee;
Be firm in thy manhood, let reason awake,
While pity is yearning to save thee.
With me all unholy allurements are past—
May I swerve from my rectitude never!
No, rather than sink to perdition at last,
One and all, I abjure them for ever!

EXTEMPORE APOLOGY TO A FEW FRIENDS.

Friends of my soul, ye must excuse
 A luckless follower of the Muse,
 Whose evil stars, as usual, shed
 Their wonted influence on his head:
 In truth and grief I have to say
 I cannot shake your hands to-day;
 I grieve I cannot take my seat
 Where mirth, and wit, and friendship meet;—
 But then—except, indeed, at tea—
 You cannot feel the want of me.

If Poetry you want, look round,
 There is a treasure to be found—
 A splendid and exhaustless store,
 In Byron, Campbell, Scott, and Moore:
 A strong, and deep, and thrilling page,
 Is gloomy Harold's pilgrimage;
 For oriental beauty, look
 In the rich tale of Lalla Rookh;
 For polished and melodious measures,
 Regale on Hope's delicious "Pleasures;"
 For chivalry in ages gone,
 Peruse the lay of Marmion;

And seek the glorious truths that throng
In Shelley's sweet, ethereal song;
Nor pass the crowd of "nectared sweets"
That strews the page of martyred Keats.
Compared with these, my feeble strain
Is harsh and rugged, vile and vain;
With scarce one bright redeeming line,
To show that Poesy is mine;
With scarce a shining thought to claim
The slightest smile of fickle Fame.

Friends of my heart, some other day
I'll try to weave a worthier lay:
My Muse is tame, I know not why,
Her wings are faint, she cannot fly;
But when the spring hath brought her flowers,
And hung her buds upon the bowers,—
When larks are soaring to the cloud,
And the throstle's voice is loud,—
When music fills the charmèd air,
And beauty's hues are everywhere,—
When all is poetry around,
In every odour, shape, and sound,
I cannot, surely, fail to bring,
A more expressive offering.

May joy attend your calm fire-side,
Although without the Bard of Hyde!

A SICK MAN'S FANCIES.

In the blessed time of the vernal spring,
A joyless, hopeless, feeble thing—
I lay, on a sleepless bed of pain,
While fever burned in my heart and brain.
My eyes were sunk in my throbbing head;
My cheeks with a livid hue were spread;
My thin, withered hands were dry and pale,
As the leaves that float in the autumn gale;
My cries of distress were loud and long,
For a fiery thirst was upon my tongue.
The thoughts that awoke in my wandering mind
Were tossed like trees in a stormy wind;
My ears were stunned with incessant sound,
From a legion of shadows that hemmed me round,
While my fancy flashed into fitful gleams,
And hurried me off to a land of dreams.

Methought I stood at meridian day
In a desolate region far away,
Where the wild Arab roams with a lawless band,
And the desert-ship sails o'er a sea of sand;
Where the ostrich flies with a wondrous speed,
As fleet and far as the tameless steed;

Where earth puts forth not a spot of bloom,
And feels not a plough but the dread simoom;
Where the sun looks down with oppressive glare,
And the heart grows faint with the sultry air;
Where the wanderer thinks of his home in vain,
And finds a lone grave on that wide, wide plain.
'Twas there I stood, and with languid eye
Looked abroad on the dreary earth and sky;
Not a blade of green verdure smiled in my view,—
Not a gleaming of water the sad waste through,—
Not the breath of a breeze, not the scent of a flower,
To cheer my lorn soul in that perilous hour.

Thirsting and weary I wandered on,
But my hopes of relief and rest were gone;
Till at length I beheld what seemed to be
The broad, bright face of an inland sea,—
A mass of waters of silvery sheen,
Where the prow of a vessel had never been.
Oh! how I panted to reach its brink,
And refresh my soul with delicious drink!
Oh! how I yearned to be there, and lave
My feverish limbs in its lucid wave!
I flew o'er the waste with a madman's flight,—
But a vision of beauty had mocked my sight;
For scarce a short league had my bare feet sped,
Than my last hope vanished—the waters fled!
And as I looked back with despairing mind,
On the sandy space I had left behind,
I marvelled to see on the farthest plain,
The false, fair wave I had followed in vain!

My fancy changed, and methought that I
Lay naked and faint 'neath a tropic sky;
A mariner wrecked, and compelled to float
In a mastless, sailless, rudderless boat;
Above me a cloudless welkin wide,
Below me a green and waveless tide,
Where never a breath o'er its surface blew,—
Where languid and slow the sea-bird flew.
In thought I lay many nightless days,
While the terrible sun's unconquered blaze
Blistered and scorched my shrivelled skin,
Till the fountains of blood felt dry within.
The raging of hunger aroused me first,
But that soon passed, and remorseless thirst
Burned in my throat with increased desire,
Till my breath was flame, and my tongue was fire;
And the bitter wave, as I stooped to sip,
Was turned to salt on my baffled lip.

For months and years—for ages of pain,
I lay without hope on the stagnant main,
Consumed and destroyed by slow degrees,
On the pitiless breast of those lonely seas.
I knawed my flesh with a frantic yell,
And greedily drank of the drops that fell;
Till, strong in my agony, up I sprang—
While the startled air with my curses rang—
And plunged in the sunny and silent deep,
To find in its caverns a long, long sleep.

Still in my dream's unwelcome thrall,
I passed by the ancient Memphian wall,

And wandered, beneath warm summer's smile,
On the fertile banks of the mighty Nile.
The thirst within me now seemed to be
Increased to a dread intensity;
So great, indeed, I was fain to throw
My weary form in the waters below:
But scarce had I stooped to taste of the flood,
Than its whole bright surface was turned to blood,
And crocodiles came from their slimy lair,
Sent by the fiends to devour me there;
And lest from their jaws I should hope to spring,
They hemmed me round with a terrible ring.
With an effort for life, I strove to cry,
But my soundless throat was husk and dry:
I writhed in my agony—gasped for breath,
And would have rejoiced at a gentler death;
But I could not keep my dire foes at bay;
They gathered around their hopeless prey;
They breathed on my pale and despairing face,
And smothered me soon in their horrid embrace.

I dreamèd again, and I stood once more
On giant Colombia's boundless shore;
The land of broad lakes and impetuous floods,—
The land of dark and eternal woods;
Where the Red Man walks in his wild attire,
Compelled to escape from the White Man's ire;—
The land of mountains that rise, and rise,
As if they aspired to reach the skies;
Lifting their vast and fantastic forms
Beyond the dark region of clouds and storms;—

The land of rich prairies, unploughed and green,
Where the foot of the pilgrim hath rarely been.
It was here I roamed with my demon Thirst,
Shut out from my race like one accursed;
Till I rested at last on St. Lawrence's side,
And wistfully gazed on its roaring tide,
Where Niagara falls from his crescent rock,
And startles the woods with his thunder shock.
Weary of being—unquenched within,
Unscared by the cataract's awful din,
I leaped in the torrent both strong and deep,
And shot like a dart o'er the fearful steep:
Down for many a fathom I fell,
Tossed about in the watery hell.
Stunned with a spirit-appalling sound,
In the eddying gulf whirled round and round,
I looked to the sky, which seemed to me,
Through the billowy spray, like a troubled sea;
And the mass of rude waters, as down it came,
Went hissing through all my burning frame,
Till my thoughts were lost in the peril and pain,
And madness took hold of my dizzy brain.
My knowledge of danger had waned away,
And my pulse had almost ceased to play;
The scene of my horror was dark and still,
I felt at my heart a death-like chill;
Unconscious of all that passed before,
I struggled a moment, and felt no more.

My vision was changed; and I took my stand,
Once more on the breast of my own green land;

And, Oh! I was glad I had ceased to roam,
And drew so near to my native home.
How fain I beheld, and how well I knew,
Each object that met my delighted view!
It was joy to my soul, as I paused to mark
The quivering wing of the soaring lark,
And hear from the boughs of some far-off tree,
The cuckoo that called o'er the "pleasant lea."
And then there were odours from fields and bowers,
Breathed by the lips of the wilding flowers;
Roses that blushed on the briery thorn,
And wild blue-bells by the rivulet born;
Violets that deep in the dingle hide,
And woodbines hung on the hedge-row side;
All seemed to welcome the wanderer back
From the desolate main and the desert's track.
And though I was thirsting and fevered still,
Unquenched by the waters of river or rill,
I felt it were sweeter to linger and die
Beneath the calm smile of my own blue sky.

Such were my thoughts when my loitering feet
Bore me away to a green retreat,—
A beautiful, quiet, and sheltered dell,
Where first I listened to Fancy's spell,
And learned from her mild and mysterious tongue
The power of beauty, the pleasure of song;—
Indeed 'twas a lovely and peaceful spot,
Which seen but once could be never forgot;
'Twas a natural theatre, circled by trees,
Which whispered like harps to the fairy breeze:

Its daisy-paved floor was level and soft,
And the sky, like a canopy, hung aloft;
In its centre uprose a limpid spring,
Like a diamond set in an emerald ring.
Oh! with what rapture I paused to drink,
And knelt me down on its grassy brink;
But scarce had I dimpled its glassy face,
Than its waters shrunk, and left no trace,
But a slimy bottom, that swarmed with life,
With a host of reptiles rank and rife,—
A legion of lizards and bloated toads,
That crept in crowds from their dark abodes!
There was the scorpion's loathsome form,
The twisted adder, and crawling worm,
And a thousand other unnatural things,
With monstrous legs and preposterous wings.
I started back with a fearful scream,
Which broke the spell of that horrible dream;
And, lo! by the side of my humble bed,
With her arm beneath my distracted head,
My wife bent o'er me with anxious eye,
Alarmed by the sound of my helpless cry.
She held to my lips the cooling draught,
And, Oh! how sweetly—how deeply I quaffed!
It ran through my veins like a blessed balm,
Till my heart grew glad, and my brain grew calm.

The bine at my window hung bright in bloom,
And sent its breath in my lonely room;
The evening breeze blew mild and meek,
And fanned my hair and kissed my cheek.

The golden sun, as he sunk to rest,
In the purple lap of the gorgeous west,
Poured on my face his rosy light,
To cheer me with hope through shadowy night.
In the glorious smile of the waning day,
I heard my darling boy at play,
Whose voice beguiled me of pleasing tears,
And carried my memory back for years,
To the time when I myself was free
From sickness, and sorrow, and care as he;
And then I called upon Heaven above
To bless that child of my hope and love.

The soothing scent of the woodbine flower—
The freshening breeze of the evening hour—
The beautiful blush of the setting sun—
The boy at his sport e'er day was done—
Were tokens of mercy and peace, which brought
A rapture of feeling and thankful thought;—
I prayed to Him who is prone to save,
And He snatched me back from the yawning grave!

TO A BROTHER POET.

Successful suitor at the Muse's feet,

Accept the tribute of a wight whose name

Ne'er found a place upon the scroll of Fame,

Nor gathered from her lips one sentence sweet;

Who never mingled with the crowds that meet

At Learning's shrine, intent to catch the lore

Of soul-exalting Science, and explore

Paths that betray Philosophy's retreat:

Yet Hope hath taught—that ever-welcome cheat—

His intellectual feelings to aspire,

Though Poverty would quench the wakening fire,

And fix Despair on Hope's unsteady seat.

He who doth breathe this unassuming strain,

Would gladly link with thee in friendship's honoured chain.

TO THE CRICKET.

Thou merry minstrel of my cottage hearth,
Again I hear thy shrill and silvery lays;
Where hast thou been these many, many days,
Mysterious thing of music and of mirth?
Thou shouldst not leave thy brother Bard so long,—
Sadly without thee pass my evening hours.
Hast thou been roaming in the fields and bowers,
To shame the grasshopper's loud summer song?
When poring o'er some wild, romantic book,
In the hushed reign of thought-awakening night,
I love to have thee near me, wingèd sprite,
To cheer the silence of my chimney nook;
For I have faith that thy prophetic voice
Foretelleth things which come to make my heart rejoice.

SONG.

Youthful widow! lovely widow!

With thy fair and thoughtful face;
With thy weeds of sorrow floating
Round thy form of quiet grace;—
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps lead thee,
Magic reigns upon the spot;
I have watched thy mien and motion,—
Could I gaze and love thee not?

Gentle widow! pleasing widow!

Music lingers on thy tongue,—
Sweet when social converse floweth,—
Sweeter in the words of song.
When to thee men turn and listen,
Other things are all forgot;—
I have heard thee, lovely mourner!—
Could I hear and love thee not?

Pensive widow! faithful widow!

Truth and feeling warm thy heart;
Virtue flings her light around thee,—

May that glory ne'er depart!

None have dared, in wanton malice,

Thine unsullied fame to blot;—

I have known thy worth and beauty,—

Could I know and love thee not?

TO MY FRIEND JOHN DICKINSON.

True-hearted Dickinson! can I forget

Thy warm, impetuous friendship, and how prone
Thou wert to solace me when first me met,

And I was coinless, hopeless, and unknown?

No! for the generous feeling thou hast shown
To me, an humble minstrel, in my need,

My harp, with feeble but with faithful tone,
Shall tell thee that I cherish every deed.

Let me bear witness that thou hast, withal,

Though rudely earnest, an inquiring mind,—
Pity for human suffering and thrall,

And love for things exalted and refined.

May Heaven afford thee, to thy latest hour,

The joy of doing good, and ne'er deny the power!

TO G. R.

Oh, George! it is a cheering thing to know
That, as we travel through the waste of life,
'Mid much of sorrow, weariness, and strife,
There are some spots of beauty as we go:
Yes, there are hours apart from care and woe,
Which we may pleasantly and wisely spend
With wife or child, with lover or with friend,
And feel our lot not *all* unkind below.
Then let us meet as heretofore, and so
Expand the soul, and ease the burdened breast:
The song, the temperate cup, the harmless jest
Shall gild the fleeting moments as they flow,
And teach us, by our sympathies, to find
The "lights and shadows" of each other's mind.

HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou comest once more, fairest child of the Sun!

With all that is lovely to gladden our eyes;

While the ocean that heaves, and the rivers that run,

Flash back the ethereal light of thy skies.

Flowers follow thy footsteps, and blossoms and buds

Are scattered abroad from thy redolent wing;

There is health on the mountains, and joy in the woods:—

Hail! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!

Thou comest once more, from the arms of the South,

Who pursues thee afar with his glances of fire;

And the breath that exhales from thy odorous mouth,

Fans the feelings of youth into bashful desire.

To walk with the maid of our passionate love,

'Mid the sweets and the sounds which thy spirit may bring,

Is a draught from the chalice of pleasure above:—

Hail! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!

Thou comest once more, and thy voices awake
In snatches of melody every where,
Glad choristers call from the forest and brake,
To the lark who makes vocal the tremulous air;
The tinkle of waters is heard in the bowers,
And sighs like the tones of the zephyr-harp's string;
The bee murmurs low to the amorous flowers:—
Hail! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!

Sunny Summer hath charms in the freshness of morn,
In the glory and pomp of voluptuous noon;
And Autumn, who comes with his fruitage and corn,
Rejoiceth my heart with his bountiful boon:
Even Winter is welcome, the wild and the free,
Who walks o'er the earth like a conquering king;
But thy presence hath always a blessing for me:—
Hail! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

In the full strength of youthful prime,
 My very soul in flame,
 Without a stain of care or crime
 Upon my heart or name,—
 Impatient of each dull delay,
 I yearned to tread the rugged way
 To glory and to fame;
 And as each kindling thought awoke,
 Thus the sweet voice of Fancy spoke:—

“ The warrior grasps the battle brand,
 And seeks the field of fight,
 And madly lifts his daring hand
 Against all human right.
 He goeth with unholy wrath,
 To scatter death along his path,
 While nations mourn his might;
 And though he win the world’s acclaim,
 This is not glory—is not fame.

“ The roll of the arousing drum,
 The bugle’s startling bray;
The thunder of the bursting bomb,
 The tumult of the fray;
The oft-recurring hour of strife,
The blight of hope, the waste of life,
 The proud victorious day:—
This, this may be a splendid game,
But ’tis not glory—’tis not fame.

“ Can we subdue the orphan’s cries,
 The widow’s plaintive wail;
Or turn from mute, upbraiding eyes—
 From faces sad and pale?
Can we restore the mind gone dim,
The broken heart, the shattered limb,
 By war’s exulting tale?
This is ambition, guilt and shame,
But ’tis not glory—’tis not fame.

“ When some aspiring spirit turns
 To seize the helm of state,
And with a selfish ardour burns,
 To make his title great;
Honour and power, and wealth and pride,
May gather round on every side,
 And at his bidding wait;
But cursed be each oppressive aim!—
This is not glory—is not fame.

“ The Rebel, too, who rears aloft
 The banner of his cause,
And calls upon the people oft
 To spurn their country’s laws;—
The Rebel, whose destructive hand
Would bring disorder in the land,
 Ere reason think or pause:
He hath a loud, notorious name,
But ’tis not glory—’tis not fame.

“ The Patriot, who hath seen too long
 His own loved land oppressed,
While all man’s nobler feelings throng
 Within his generous breast;—
He who can wield the sword so well,
Like Washington, or Bruce, or Tell,
 The bravest and the best—
He lives unknown to fear or blame:—
This is glory—this is fame.

“ There are who pour the light of truth
 Upon the glowing page,
To purify the soul of youth,
 To cheer the heart of age :
There are whom God hath sent to show
The wonders of his power below—
 Such is the gifted Sage;
And these have learned our love to claim:—
This is glory—this is fame.

“ There are, like Howard, who employ
 Their healthiest, happiest hours
In shedding peace, and hope, and joy
 Around this world of ours;
Who free the captive, feed the poor,
And enter every humble door
 Where sin or sorrow lowers,
'Till nations breathe and bless their name:—
This is glory—this is fame.

“ The Poet, whose inspiring Muse
 Waves her extatic wing,
Clothes thought and language with the hues
 Of every holy thing,—
Of beauty in its thousand forms,
Of all that cheers, refines, and warms,
 He loves to dream and sing,
And myriads feel his song of flame:—
This is glory—this is fame.

“ Then go, proud Youth! go even now,
 Nor heed misfortune's frown,
And win for thine undaunted brow
 A well-deservèd crown:
Look not for false and fleeting state;
But if thou wouldst be loved and great,
 Keep pride and passion down;
Let constant virtue be thy aim,
For *that* is glory, *that* is fame!”

THE VOICE OF THE PRIMROSE.

The sun's last glances through the clear air trembled,
 And died in blushes on the changeful stream,
 Till all the features of the scene resembled
 The dim remembrance of some blessed dream :
 A Bard sat musing by a woodland well,
 Wrapt in the chain of thought's delicious spell.

Far hills, green fields, and shadowy woods before him,
 Faded with gradual softness into shade,
 And as the veil of twilight gathered o'er him,
 Each lingering sound to quiet hush was laid ;
 And, save a breezy whisper in the bower,
 Nought broke the calm of that most tender hour.

At length a voice of fragrant breath, below him,
 Pronounced, in silvery syllables, his name ;
 But there was scarce a gleam of light to show him
 From whence the gentle voice and odour came ;
 Till, stooping down, the murmuring tones to meet,
 He saw a Primrose smiling at his feet.

Thus spake the flower :—" Oh! child of fancy! listen,
While I my sorrows and my hopes unfold;
And ere the dews upon my leaflets glisten,
My weak ambition shall to thee be told;
And when thou minglest with thy kind again,
Tell them that flowers have griefs as well as men.

" I pine in solitude, unknown, unknowing,
From morn's first blushes to the last of eve,
And as the generous sun is o'er me glowing,
Beneath the splendour of his smile I grieve,—
Opening my bosom to the roving gale,
Far from my fragrant sisters of the vale.

" The burly peasants pass me by unheeding,
As forth they loiter to their toil at morn,
And as they pass my little heart is bleeding,
That I should linger in a world of scorn;
And then I hope again that I may be,
The simple favourite of one like thee.

" When weeping twilight o'er this valley hovers,
And sheds her tears upon the earth, as now,
Oft do I listen to the talk of lovers,
Beneath the shadow of that hawthorn bough;
And then I sigh to grace the bashful fair,
And be entwined within her braided hair.

“ Young, happy children, through the woodlands roaming,
Waking the echoes with their joyous play,
Oft cross my path, and as I see them coming,
I wish that they would pluck me by the way:
Alas! regardless of my soft perfume,
They pass me o’er for things of gaudier bloom.

“ I have beheld thee in thy fits of musing,
Thy loose hair lifted by the zephyr’s sighs;
And I have seen extatic tears suffusing
The dreamy depths of thy soul-speaking eyes;
And I have spread my saffron leaves, perchance
To catch, though briefly, thy delighted glance.

“ Now thou hast seen me—heard me, and my story
Shall fall in sweetness from thy magic tongue;
Oh! shrine me in the halo of thy glory—
Give me a place in thine immortal song;
And when I die in this enchanted spot,
The lowly Primrose will not be forgot!”

A WINTER'S EVENING.

High o'er the woody crest of yonder hill,
The clear, cold moon through clouds serenely sails,
And glances meekly down; December's gales,
Locked in their secret caves, lie hushed and still:
Now the soft evening, beautiful but chill,
Its shadowy vesture o'er the welkin weaves;
While from yon moss-grown oak, unblest with leaves,
Is heard the Robin's melancholy trill.
In this lone spot of solitude, the rill
Leaps, musically gushing, and the star
Of dewy vesper, twinkling from afar,
Soothes down each thought of sublunary ill.
A blessed influence in this scene I find,
Which like a dove broods o'er my heart and mind.

I GO FOR EVERMORE.

I go, but ere my steps depart,—
 Before my lips pronounce thee free,—
 While yet I hold thee to my heart,
 That bleeds—how vainly bleeds!—for thee;
 Thou hearest my unavailing sighs,—
 The hidden strife will soon be o'er;
 Thou seest the tears that dim mine eyes,—
 I go, I go for evermore!

I met thee in thy earliest youth,
 A meek and unassuming maid;
 The seeming light of holy truth
 O'er thine enchanting aspect played;
 I loved thee;—that sweet dream is past,
 'Twas thine own falsehood broke the spell;
 My baffled hopes expire at last,
 In one despairing word, Farewell!

THE POOR MAN'S APPEAL.

Look down upon the people, gracious God!

The suffering millions need thy special care;
For cruel laws are made to curse the sod

Which thou hast made so fertile and so fair;
Laws which, like harpies on our vitals fed,
Snatch from our lips the life-sustaining bread.

Thou smilest on the fruit-tree and the field,
And beauteous bounty springeth into birth;
Thou breathest in the seasons, and they yield

More than enough for every child of earth:
Then is it just that we should pine and die,
'Mid blessings broad and boundless as the sky?

Listen, ye wealthy magnates of the land,

Girt with the splendour of your palace halls;
Listen, ye mingled law-creating band,

Our chosen voice within the senate walls;
Let wisdom guide your delegated power,
For danger thrives with each succeeding hour.

Who raised our country's greatness?—Britain's slaves,
Chained to the oar of unrequited toil;
The seaman wrestling with the winds and waves,—
The ploughman fainting o'er the furrowed soil,
And all the victims of misfortune's frown,
Who fill the windings of the sickly town:

The famished weaver, bending o'er his loom,
Venting his agonies with smothered breath;
The miner, buried in unbroken gloom,
Looking for life amid the damps of death;
Young children, too, have borne unheeded pains,
To swell the stream of your unhallowed gains.

If ye are husbands, loving and beloved,—
If ye are fathers, in your offspring blest,—
If ye are men, by human passions moved,
Let truth and justice plead for the oppressed:
The sorrowing mothers of our babes behold,
Whose homes are sad, and comfortless, and cold.

Lo! fettered Commerce droops her feeble wing,
And ships lie freightless on the heaving main;
No more with busy sounds our harbours ring—
The breezes come, the tides go back in vain;
And England's artizans, a squalid brood,
Creep from their homes, and supplicate for food.

Our once proud marts are desolate and lone,—
Our patriots trembling for the nation's fame;
Prison and poor-house, gorged with victims, groan
With complicated misery and shame;
And public pride, and private joy, no more
Can find a place on our unhappy shore.

Behold where many-armed Rebellion walks,
Gaunt, fierce, and fearless, in the eye of day;
And crime, the offspring of oppression, stalks
Mid scenes of strife, and terror, and dismay;
And vengeance bares his arm, and lifts the brand,
To sweep injustice from the groaning land.

Forth rush the multitude in mad career,
For unrelenting hunger goads them on;
Stern anarchy is leagued with frantic fear;
Safety, and peace, and liberty are gone:
Mighty and mean are mingled in the fall,—
Now ruin comes and tramples upon all.

Such is, or shall be, the disastrous end
Of all your stubborn policy and pride;
A wakening people must and will contend
For rights withheld, and sustenance denied:
Thoughts of the painful present and the past,
Must bring the hour of reckoning at last.

Be timely just,—your granary gates unbar,—
Let Plenty's golden banner be unfurled;
Let Trade with wingèd ships speed wide and far,
Laden to every corner of the world;
Let knowledge soothe, let labour feed the poor,
And make the freedom of the land secure.

Then love, and peace, and virtue shall be found,
Where erst sat discord, hatred, and despair;
Then man shall sow, and God shall bless the ground,
And none shall murmur at another's share;
A social grandeur and a moral grace
Shall warm each heart, and brighten every face!

TO J. P. WESTHEAD, ESQ.

Before I lay my lowly harp aside,—
 My constant hope, my solace, and my pride,
 Through all the changes of my grief or glee,—
 Before its powers grow weaker and depart,
 I weave the inmost feelings of my heart
 In one true song of thankfulness to thee.

My earthly lot hath been so strangely cast,
 That all my musings on the chequered past
 Are but a kind of retrospective pain,
 Without regret for any day gone by;
 To Hopeful Campbell's polished song I fly,
 For gentle Rogers sings for me in vain.

When I was yet an unsuspecting child,
 I was not thoughtless, frolicsome, and wild,
 To sport and pastime, or to mischief prone:
 A moody, melancholy, wordless boy,
 I always felt a strange and quiet joy
 In wandering companionless and lone.

But poverty, and pain, and darker things,
Threw much of withering poison in the springs
 Of better feeling in my youthful breast;
In every season and in every place
I wore a shade of sorrow on my face,—
 For I had troubles not to be expressed.

With none to strengthen and to teach my mind,
I groped my way like some one lost and blind,
 Within the windings of a tangled wood;
But still, by wakeful and inquiring thought,
My watchful spirit in its musings caught
 A partial glimpse of what was true and good.

I grew at last to manhood; fear and strife,
With all the bitterest ills of human life,
 Beset me round with wretchedness and gloom;
So low, so hopeless, was my abject state,
I thought it vain to wrestle with my fate,
 And bowed in passive patience to my doom.

Joyless I struggled on, till I became
A husband and a father; and the name
 Fell like the sound of music on my ear;
For spite of indigence and worldly wrong,
The guileless prattle of an infant's tongue
 Touched my sad heart, and made existence dear.

My troubles grew apace; my hopes grew less,
And, for my precious children's sake, distress
Entered my spirit with a keener sting:
Man had no love and sympathy for me,
Nor I for tyrant man, who seemed to be
A sordid, selfish, and ignoble thing.

Worn out, at length, I left my cheerless home,
Though rashly, in another land to roam,
Where I became the poorest of the poor;
For I was forced (Oh! soul-degrading task!)
With low and supplicating voice, to ask
The meed of bitter bread from door to door.

From house to house—from crowded town to town—
A wretched outcast, wandering up and down,
From every little comfort kept aloof;—
Without a shelter, naked and unfed,
The cold and stony ground my only bed,
The dark, inclement sky my only roof.

The vast and everlasting hills of God,—
The rock, the stream, the forest, and the sod,
Exultingly I felt were all my own;
But when I mingled with the city's hum,
My soul grew joyless, and my heart grew dumb,
For peopled places made me doubly lone.

By many a river, silent wood, and glen,
Far from the prying eyes of busy men,—
By many a fertile vale, and castled steep,—
On many an ancient and romantic spot,
Where peaceful Nature was, but Man was not,—
I sat me down to meditate and weep.

My mind drank beauty, as the sandy plain
Absorbs the freshness of the summer rain,
That falls so sweetly on its burning face;
At every forward step, some strange delight
Wakened my slumbering heart, and charmed my sight
With some new feature of surpassing grace.

My wondering soul with poesy was fraught,
And higher, nobler, and serener thought,
Which I had never felt or known before;
Back to my native land I gladly flew,
Resolved my best endeavours to renew,
And quit my kindred and my home no more.

But, Oh! the many and the bitter tears,—
The daily sorrows and the nightly fears,
My poor and patient wife had borne so long!
The cold, the want, the misery, the blame,
The vulgar scorn, the insult, and the shame,—
'Twere vain to tell in this protracted song!

An older, wiser, and a better man,
I strove to find some calm and steady plan,
Whereby to banish restlessness and want:
Vain were my best resolves; I only found
The same unvaried, dull, and toilsome round
Of unremitting slavery and scant.

Daily I laboured for uncertain food;
But yet my dearest hopes were not subdued
By stern Misfortune's unrelenting frown;
A bright but distant future cheered my way,—
Oh! how I yearned to breathe a living lay,
And win the glory of a Bard's renown!

For I had roamed in Fancy's fairy bower,
And rifled here and there some wilding flower
That grew uncared for in the secret nooks;
I wandered oft in silence and alone,
Gathering some simple shell, some polished stone,
From level sea-sands and meandering brooks.

At length some kind and kindred spirits came
To praise and flatter; and the smothered flame
That burned so feebly in my fettered soul,
Flashed out at once with unexpected gleams,
Taking the shape of dear, delicious dreams,
That woke unceasingly and mocked control.

I thirsted then, and I am thirsting still,
Of mind's imaginings to take my fill,
And drink bright thoughts from fountains pure and free.
But I have talked too widely, and too long ;
Here let my willing, but my wayward song,
Come back, respected Westhead ! unto thee.

I have my friends—and valued ones—a few
For ever gentle and for ever true,
Bearing the heart within the open palm ;
Some are of good estate, and some are poor ;—
Oh ! may our mutual fellowship endure,
And fill the cup of life with hallowed balm !

But thou hast been a steadfast friend indeed,—
For ever ready, in the hour of need,
To bid my sorrows and my wants depart ;—
Not with a haughty, patronising pride,
Taking a licence to condemn and chide,
But with a perfect sympathy of heart.

A kind adviser thou hast been to me,
Leaving me still in thought and action free ;—
Oh ! let me thank thee for such just regard !
For I believe that thy superior aim
Is but to raise to comfort and to fame
A long-distressed but now aspiring Bard.

To thee and generous Jellicorse I owe
Much; and my future gratitude shall show
How well I can remember every debt;
The calm benevolence,—the manly tone,—
The care,—the kindly feeling ye have shown,
Are things I cannot, if I would, forget.

May peace be with ye both! Should future time
Prosper my energies, and I should climb
Where the far steep of glory proudly towers,
With what pure pleasure I shall then look back,
Along my perilous but upward track,
And bless the friends who cheered my darker hours!

THE SLAVE.

Ye may tell of the gladness that wakes with the Spring,
 When green-wood and welkin with melody ring;
 When, strength in his pinion, and joy in his lay,
 The lark flutters up in the face of the day;
 When young bud and blossom are bursting to light,
 And fields in their emerald freshness are bright:—
 What boots this exulting o'er hill, field, and wave?—
 Alas! it is lost to the ear of the Slave!

Ye may tell of the glories of Summer-born June,
 Of the pride of its morning, the pomp of its noon;
 Of its beauty of sun-set, ere Night hath unfurled
 His star-covered veil o'er the face of the world;
 When the breezes are sweet with the kisses of flowers,
 Those odorous gems of the meadows and bowers:—
 But the sweat-drops of toil his wan forehead that lave,
 Embitter and darken these charms to the Slave.

Ye may tell of the treasures of Autumn's domain,
When fertile abundance enriches the plain;
When the warm blushing orchard begins to unfold
Its various fruitage of purple and gold;
When the song of the reaper grows loud in its mirth,
And the drones of the world claim the gifts of the earth:—
Though his toil may deserve them, his poverty crave,
How few are bestowed on the comfortless Slave!

Ye may tell of the vigour that Winter sends forth,
On the health-bearing wings of the boisterous North,
When ye sit by the dear social hearth and its fire,
Shut in from the storm in its pitiless ire;
When dainty profusion encumbers the board,—
When ye feel the enjoyments that riches afford:—
Oh! think, when the turbulent elements rave,
How dreary and sad is the home of the Slave!

Ye may tell us that Knowledge hath shed on our isle
The glow of her pure and encouraging smile;
That all may sit down to the banquet, and share
The mental provision untaxed as the air;
But where shall the children of poverty find
One hour to enlighten or solace the mind?
Farewell to the splendour that circles the knave,
When knowledge and truth are revealed to the Slave.

Ye may say there's a spirit of freedom in all,
Throughout the vast realm of this wonderful ball;—
In the gush of the stream and the fountain 'tis heard,
In the sigh of the gale, in the song of the bird;
'Tis seen in the sun-cloud's ethereal sweep,
'Tis known in the womb of the fathomless deep:
It lives in the cloud, in the gale, in the wave—
Oh, why is it kept from the labouring Slave?

Must we bear with those dens of pollution that stand
Dark, frequent, and full o'er the once pleasant land,—
Those temples of Bacchus where thousands are slain
By the poisonous cup at the altar of gain;—
Where the mind of the man is degraded and tame,
Where the cheek of the maiden grows callous to shame?
Let them cease to destroy—let them cease to deprave,
Let us blot out the name of the Drunkard and Slave.

Go, watch the poor human automaton rise,
With a load at his heart, and reproach in his eyes,
The victim of poverty, vice, and disease;—
How haggard his visage! how feeble his knees!
When hunger hath made its most urgent appeal,
For labour incessant, how scanty the meal!
He hath but one hope, and that hope is the grave,
For life is a source of despair to the Slave.

Oh! merciful God of the poor and oppressed,
Who hast promised the sick and the weary one rest—
Look down on the thousands whose sweat has been spilt
To nurse the oppressor in grandeur and guilt!
Oh! let not the proud, the unpitying few,
The many—the broken in spirit—subdue!
Let the words of the gifted, the good, and the brave,
Ring out in behalf of the soul-stricken Slave!

A FRAGMENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

Oh! I am sick of this degrading strife,—
 This harsh reiteration of a theme
 Which men call Politics,—this lust of power
 By those who would abuse the precious boon,—
 This yearning after fame, or infamy,—
 (They care not which, so the base end be won;)—
 This cant of patriotism, too, from lips
 That sell their country with a Judas kiss;—
 This restless striving for unhallowed gain,—
 This false ambition, which, exalting one,
 Brings unprotected thousands to the dust;—
 This mockery of millions who have toiled,
 Yet pine for bread for which they toil in vain!

Is it not sad to see a mass of men,—
 The sinews of the State—the heart of wealth—
 The never-failing life-blood of the land;—
 Is it not sad to see them stand like trees,
 Swayed by the breath of every wind that blows;—
 Drinking with greedy ear the specious tale
 Of some deluding orator? And, when
 The artful speaker with a flourish makes
 The accustomed pause, shouting they know not why,—

Acting they know not how,—till, having sent
The exulting demagogue in triumph home,
They find, alas! what they have ever found,
For freedom—scorn, and words instead of bread.

When will this suffering people learn to think,
And, thinking, learn to know the good from ill,—
The true from false,—the metal from the dross?
When will they watch their own frail steps, and shun
That subtle serpent shining in their path,
Whose glance is danger, and whose tongue is death?
Behold, the town is all astir; each house
Sends forth its eager inmates; to and fro,
Promiscuous crowds are hurrying in haste,
With haggard looks and savage; in the air
Gay banners flaunt it bravely; square and street
Echo the sound of music, and the shouts
Of gathered multitudes: in Reason's eyes
This is a foolish jubilee of shame,
When Britons sell their manhood for a promise,
“Held to the ear but broken to the hope.”

A few more hours of riotous display—
Of wolfish warfare and of party strife—
And night shall draw her curtain o'er a scene
Unworthy of the glory of the sun:
Then shall this mass of artizans retire
To pass the midnight in a rude debauch,
Till morn shall wake them to a painful sense
Of all that is and has been;—babes without food,—
Wives without peace,—themselves without a hope
Of aught save vengeance for a thousand wrongs.

Poor sons of toil! your destiny is dark,
Without the light of knowledge; sad your lot,
Without the cheering influence of truth;
Vain your resolves, till virtue shall inspire
Your souls with moral dignity, and bring
The power to win what God has given for all.

Come, let me turn from this tumultuous din
Of human voices—this discordant jar
Of human thoughts and passions,—let me turn
To live and think for some few fleeting hours
In the calm presence of unsullied nature,
Where I could live for ever, were it not
That I had sympathy with man, and hope
To walk with him the way to happier times.
Where now I stand the very sky puts on
A frowning face,—the very air feels rank
With falsehood and corruption; fast and far
I fly contamination, till at length
The mingled uproar of the distant town
Sounds like the moaning of a far-off sea.

I pause to rest and meditate, and lo,
The fresh, fair country smiles upon me; skies
Bend in their brightness o'er me; slumbering woods
Keep twilight yet, save where the parted boughs
Let in brief intervals of golden day.
Like living things of music and of light,
Streams dance upon their journey,—pastures green,
Studded with quiet cattle, calmly give
Their verdurous bosoms to the summer sun;
Luxuriant meadows, sighing for the scythe,

And prodigal of beauty, rise and fall
Beneath the frolic footsteps of the breeze;
The birds, with ceaseless voices, fill the ear
With pure and delicate melody; the lark,
Caged in the centre of a silvery cloud,
Lets fall a shower of gladness upon earth;
The desultory bees that sing and toil,
Fill up the chorus with their soothing hum;
The flowers, from tiny chalices, pour out
A draught of fragrance for the thirsty soul;
All, all is harmony, and light, and bloom,
Freedom and freshness, peacefulness and joy.

Oh! thou Almighty and Beneficent God!
Beneath thy span of glorious heaven, I kneel
Upon thine own fair earth, and ask of thee
The boon of truth and liberty for man.
Look down, I pray thee, on this groaning land,
Where Wrong rides rampant o'er the prostrate form
Of helpless Right,—where crime of every shape
Is rife, and that of greatest magnitude
Allowed to go unpunished. True it is,
That harsh Injustice is the chief of all.
The flower of social virtue scarcely lives,
But droops and saddens 'mid the weeds of vice
That grow on every side; gaunt Famine sits
Upon the threshold of a thousand homes;
The holy bonds of brotherhood are loosed,
And Man, a worshipper of Self, lifts up
His hand against his neighbour; every door
Of misery and death is opened wide:

Madness, and suicide, and murder bring
Unnumbered victims to the ready grave;
In parish prisons many pine and die,
And many on their own cold hearths unseen;
Some, bolder than their fellows in distress,
Snatch at the means of life, and find their way
To lonely dungeons, and are sent afar,
From wife and children severed, o'er the seas,
Or else, perchance, the gallows is their fate,
Which waits to take them from a cruel world.
O God of Mercy, Justice, Love, and Peace!
How long must we despair? When wilt thou make
This part of thy creation like the rest?
Thy universe is wonderful, and vast,
And beautiful, and pure; sustained and kept
By Thee in perfect harmony for ever!
Then why should Man, thine image, still remain
The jarring string of thine eternal harp?
Bright Essence of all Good! Oh, deign to give
To human hearts a portion of the bliss
Which thou hast promised in thy written Word!
Give to the nations liberty, and love,
And plenty of the fruits of thy fair earth,
And charity, and knowledge, and a thirst
For Truth's bright fountains, and a trusting hope
To share, at last, thine immortality!

THE POET AT THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD.

[The Poet here alluded to is my friend Mr. Samuel Bamford, of Middleton, a gentleman possessing high poetical powers, which, had they been more extensively cultivated, would have made him one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent of our Lancashire Bards.]

A Bard stood drooping o'er the grave
 Where his lost daughter slept,
 Where nothing broke the stillness, save
 The breeze that round him crept;
 And as he plucked the weeds away
 That grew above her slumbering clay,
 He neither spoke nor wept:
 But then he could not all disguise
 The sadness looking from his eyes.

Indeed it was a fitting tomb
 For one so young and fair,
 Where flowers, as emblems of her bloom,
 Scented the summer air;
 The primrose told her simple youth,
 The violet her modest truth;—
 Thus had a father's care
 Brought the sweet children of the wild,
 To deck the head-stone of his child.

Around that spot of hallowed rest
Grew many a solemn tree,
Where many a wild bird built its nest,
And sung with constant glee;
And hills upreared their mighty forms
Through Summer's light and Winter's storms;
And streams ran fresh and free,
Through many a green and silent vale,
Kept pure by heaven's untainted gale.

I looked upon the furrowed face
Of that heart-breaking sire,
Where I, methought, could plainly trace
The spirit's fading fire;
For he had stemmed the tide of years
In care, captivity, and tears;
And yet he touched the lyre
With cunning and unfailing hand,
For freedom in his native land.

But now the darling child he had,
The last and only one,
Which always made his spirit glad,
From earth to heaven had gone,
And left him in his hoary age
To finish life's sad pilgrimage;
And, as he travelled on,
To soothe the sorrows of his mate,
And brood upon his lonely fate.

How oft together did they climb
The steep of Tandle hill,
And pause to pass the pleasant time
Beside the mountain rill;
Then he would read some cherished book
Within some leafy forest nook,
All cool, and green, and still;
Or homeward as they went along,
Sing of his own some artless song.

Such were the well-remembered themes
That told him of the past,
And well might these recurring dreams
Some shade of sadness cast:
Those hearts whose strong affections cling
Too closely round some blessed thing,
Too often bleed at last,
When death comes near the stricken heart,
To tear its dearest ties apart.

True Poet! touch thy harp again,
As was thy wont of yore;
Its voice will charm the sting of pain,
As it has done before:
Husband, subdue a mother's sorrow,—
Father, expect a brighter morrow,
And nurse thy grief no more;
Man, bow thee to the chastening rod,
And put thy holiest trust in God!

LYRICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

LYRICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. I.

“LET THE BOISTEROUS BACCHANAL.”

Let the boisterous Bacchanal sing of his bowl,
That blight of the body, that scourge of the soul;
Let the libertine boast of the wreck he hath made,—
Of the hearts he hath tempted, and won, and betrayed;
Let the soldier exult o'er the blood-seeking sword,
Though his deeds have by thousands been cursed and de-
plored:

Be mine the proud pleasure to weave at command,
A song for the poor of my own fatherland.

Let the tyrant send forth his iniquitous law,
To insult the sad millions, and keep them in awe;
Although it were wiser to govern and guide
By justice and love, than oppression and pride;
Let a self-seeking priesthood preach patience to man,
Though to “reck their own rede” be no part of their plan:
Be mine the proud glory to weave at command,
A song for the poor of my own fatherland.

Let the venal bard flatter, and court the caress
Of "the minions of splendour who shrink from distress;"
Let him turn from the lowly, and shut from his songs
Their faith and affections, their rights and their wrongs;
Let him cling to the mighty, and flutter his hour
In the warm smile of plenty, the sunshine of power:
Be mine the proud *duty* to weave at command,
A song for the poor of my own fatherland.

No. II.

"MAN OF TOIL."

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be free,
Lend thine ear to Reason's call;
There's folly in the Drunkard's glee—
There's madness in the midnight brawl;
The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
May give a keener sting to care;
The riot of a reckless throng
May lead to ruin and despair:
Let Truth unloose thy fettered soul,
There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be wise,
The paths of moral light explore;
Pierce the human heart's disguise,
And track its motives to the core;

Creation's boundless beauties scan,
Observe its wonders—search its laws;
Look on the vast, harmonious plan,
And learn to love the Eternal Cause:
Let Truth illumine thy darkened soul,
There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be blest,
Give thy purest feelings play;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
Let all that's worthless pass away.
Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
Let gentlest words thy lips employ;
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
And reap a harvest full of joy:
Let Truth make glad thy harassed soul,
There are no blessings in the bowl.

No. III.

“THERE IS BEAUTY ON EARTH.”

There is beauty on earth, wheresoever our eyes
May rest on the wonders that tell of a God;
For glory and grandeur look down from the skies,
And loveliness breathes from the streamlet and sod;

But, alas for the poor! they are grievously blind
To the charms which have lived since creation began;
For sorrow and ignorance brood o'er the mind,
As the shadows of winter brood over the sun.

There is plenty on earth; for the soil that we tread,
In reward of our labour, is sterile no more;
The broad lands are laden with fruitage and bread,
That all may sit down and partake of the store;
But, alas for the poor! they may plant, they may sow,
They may gather the grain, and the tillage renew,
But the blessings which God hath seen good to bestow,
Are torn from the millions to pamper the few.

There is freedom on earth; for a thousand glad wings
In ecstasy sweep o'er the mountains and plains;
The light from its fountain spontaneously springs,—
The winds have no fetters, the waters no chains;
But, alas for the poor! they are shackled through life,
They are bondsmen in word, and in action the same;
They are wed to the curse of toil, famine, and strife,
And a hope for the future is all they can claim.

A voice speaks within me I cannot control,
Which tells of a time when these ills shall depart;
When knowledge shall win its bright way to the soul,
And beauty, like music, shall soften the heart;
When plenty shall wait on the labours of all,
And pleasure, with purity, sweeten each hour;
When freedom shall spurn degradation and thrall,
And man rise exulting in virtue and power!

No. IV.

“SAD AND SICK UNTO DEATH.”

Sad and sick unto death, on his pallet reclining,
A pauper of England was heard to deplore;
The last beam of day on his pale cheek was shining,
From the sun whose return he might never see more.
No child to receive his last blessing was near him,—
No wife of his bosom to comfort and cheer him;
No kinsmen to pity, no friend to revere him,
And smooth the rough way to a happier shore.

“Oh! Sons of my Country! forsaken I leave ye,
Let the lips of a dying man bid ye beware;
Of freedom and bread cruel men would bereave ye,
And force ye to struggle with famine and care.
Be brave, in the name of your fathers before ye,—
Be wise, for the sake of yourselves, I implore ye,—
Let hope and endeavour combine to restore ye
Those rights which ye plead for, but plead in despair.

“I look back to childhood, when life was a pleasure,
And health and enjoyment came pure from above;
I look back to youth, when I found a new treasure
In the fair form of woman, who taught me to love;
I look back to manhood, when, fearing to sever,
I plighted my faith to my Mary for ever,
And strove by unceasing and honest endeavour
The joys of a husband and father to prove.

“ My cottage looked out on the meadows and mountains,
Where the odours of Summer came rich on the breeze;
My gardens were watered by Nature’s own fountains;
I had kine in my pastures, and fruit on my trees:
My home was a heaven of domestic affection—
Even now there is joy in the sweet recollection—
And the dear ones who looked for my love and protection,
In dutiful fondness encircled my knees.

“ But, alas! in a moment of strife and distraction,
My blessings were banished, my visions o’erblown;
My country was raging with tumult and faction,
And anarchy threatened the cottage and throne:
The sweet dove of peace on her olive lay bleeding,—
Stern fathers were cursing, sad mothers were pleading;
But the Lords of Oppression turned cold and unheeding
From thousands whom hunger had worn to the bone.

“ Then the Angel of Death brooded over my dwelling,
Where poverty reigned with perpetual gloom;
No tears could I shed, though my torn heart was swelling,
As my children were borne, one by one, to the tomb.
My wife mourned aloud with a mother’s fond madness,
But her grief was subdued into silence and sadness,
’Till her spirit was called to the regions of gladness,
And mine left alone to its desolate doom.

“ Forlorn in the wide world, and weary with anguish,—
Expelled from the home which my forefathers gave,
I sought the sad spot where I now lie and languish,
From the stern laws of England a death-bed to crave.

I go to a land where no care can distress me,
Where no sorrow can come, where no power can oppress
me,—
Where the beings I loved will receive me and bless me:—
Oh! God of the lowly! I pine for the grave!”

No. V.

“SONS OF MY MOTHER, ENGLAND.”

Sons of my mother, England,
List to the voice of song,
And turn from that degrading path
Which ye have trod too long;
Shake off that mental slavery
Which lays your manhood low:
Up! awake! for freedom's sake,
As through the world ye go;
Lift up your faces from the dust,
As through the world ye go.

Sons of my mother, England,
I feel a pang of pain,
That ye should breathe the bondsman's sigh,
And wear the bondsman's chain;
That ye should seek 'mid scenes of sin
A refuge from your woe,—

Still to bear the sting of care,
As through the world ye go,
And toil through life-for bitter bread,
As through the world ye go.

Sons of my mother, England,
I know ye are oppressed;
But let not vengeance fire the soul,
Nor burn within the breast;
Let wiser thoughts, let higher deeds,
Let milder language flow,
Nor cherish strife, the bane of life,
As through the world ye go;
But walk with hope and charity,
As through the world ye go.

Sons of my mother, England,
Ye have unconquered been,
On deadly war's unhallowed ground,
'Mid many a fearful scene;—
A nobler warfare ye must wage
With many a subtle foe,
If ye would rise more free and wise,
As through the world ye go,
And with a bloodless banner march,
As through the world ye go.

Sons of my mother, England,
Brave deeds must yet be done;
But 'tis not by man's strength of arm,
That liberty is won;

But ye must bear unclouded minds,
And hearts with love that glow;
And truth must guide your steps of pride,
As through the world ye go,
And shine your constant beacon fire,
As through the world ye go.

Sons of my mother, England,
Girt with her wall of waves,
Let not your fair and fruitful soil
Give birth to future slaves:
Arise with God-like energy,
Each lingering curse o'erthrow,
And firmly stand by fatherland,
As through the world ye go,—
For hearth and home, for each and all,
As through the world ye go.

Sons of my mother, England,
The worst will soon be past,
For Knowledge from a thousand springs,
Is pouring pure and fast;
The star of freedom soon shall burn,
With wider, brighter glow,
And ye shall be the blest and free,
As through the world ye go,—
A mighty and enlightened race,
As through the world ye go.

No. VI.

“OH ! DESPISE NOT MY HARP.”

Oh ! despise not my harp,—I have cherished it long,
And its voice hath been hailed by the lovers of song;
It hath been my best solace 'mid labour and care,
And strengthened my soul in the hour of despair:
It hath wakened the spirit of love in my heart,
And raised me bright dreams which can never depart;
But, better than all, from my morning of youth,
It hath sounded for freedom and pleaded for truth.

It hath said to the rich—“Ye are wealthy and great,—
Oh ! scorn not the thousands of lowly estate;
For the treasures ye hold, and the power ye possess,
Were lent you to soften the woes of distress:
A bountiful Providence put ye in trust,—
As his stewards on earth be ye gentle and just;
And still let this beautiful truth be believed,
That ‘a blessing bestowed is a blessing received.’”

It hath said to the poor—“Ye are feeble and frail,
And well may the hand of oppression prevail,
For passion and ignorance rule ye in turn,
As with sadness ye droop, as with anger ye burn:
Indeed ye have sorrows, and heavy ones too,
And a feeling of wrong which ye cannot subdue;
Let me teach ye to hope and prepare for the day,
When your chains shall be broken, your griefs pass away.”

Thus singeth my harp,—thus it ever shall sing,
To the lord and the peasant, the priest and the king;
And though it may pour out its breathings in vain,
It shall never relapse into silence again:
"Till the breast of the bondsman with liberty thrill,
The harp of the poet should never be still;
And mine, while the fire in my soul shall endure,
Shall respond unto all that may plead for the poor.

No. VII.

"LET US DRINK TO THE BARDS."

Let us drink to the Bards of our dear native land,
The inspired, the humane, and the brave,
Who have touched the loud lyre with so mighty a hand,
That it thrills to the soul of the slave:
In the army of truth they have marched in the van,
A gifted and glorious band:—
Come, bring me the wine, let me drink like a man,
To the Bards of my dear native land.

When Shakspeare came down, like a god from the skies,
Such a light from his spirit he cast,
That he startled the world into love and surprise,
And quenched many stars of the past:
Every passion that sleeps in the depths of the mind
He hath melted and moved at command:—
Let us drink to the best of our country and kind,—
The Bards of our dear native land.

Then Milton arose, like a rocket of fire,
When the nation was gathered in gloom,
And the garland he wreathed with the strings of the lyre,
Wore the hues of celestial bloom:
For freedom and glory, for virtue and truth, .
He flung the proud tones from his hand:—
Let us drink to the sons of perpetual youth,—
The Bards of our dear native land.

There was Burns, who hath hallowed the mountains and
streams,—
There was Byron, the stern and the strong;
There was Shelley, who lived in the purest of dreams,—
There is Moore, the unshackled in song;
All, all have combined, with a wonderful power,
The heart and the soul to expand:—
Let us drink to the heirs of a heavenly dower,—
The Bards of our dear native land.

No. VIII.

“THE PEN AND THE PRESS.”

Young Genius walked out by the mountains and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent, the wayward, the wandering thing,
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing:

Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away;
He gazed for awhile on its beauties, and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it a PEN.

But its magical use he discovered not yet,
Till he dipped its bright lips in a fountain of jet;
And, Oh! what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame;
While its master wrote on like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melted or fired:
It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The peaceful, the pure, the victorious Pen!

Young Genius went forth on his rambles once more,
The vast, sunless caverns of earth to explore;
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground;
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced at the change,
As he moulded the ore into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crowned with success,
For an engine uprose, and he called it the PRESS.

The Pen and the Press, blest alliance! combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For that to the treasures of Knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed;
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invincible brothers, the Pen and the Press!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"One of the chief merits of his productions lies in their being so faithful a transcript of the feelings and sentiments cherished by the class of men to which he belongs. Mr. Prince's strains evidently proceed from the heart, and not from the head: they are eminently the effusions of a poor man, deeply coloured by the circumstances around. * * * His poems are one and all the products of a sound and healthy mind; equally free from moody misanthropy, or pining discontent. His ill success in life has soured neither his temper nor his verses. While pleading the rights of the poor, he does not forget the respect due to those of the rich; and, accordingly, no harsh hatred of those superior to him in station is to be found in his pages. The regeneration for which he longs is perfectly compatible with the permanence of existing institutions; and no man anathematizes more strongly than himself, the popular demagogues who, for the attainment of their own lawless and diabolical ends, would disturb the peace of society, and remorselessly involve the nation in ruin and bloodshed."—MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"Here we have a volume of fair, smooth verses, which, considering the condition and opportunities of the poet, may be pronounced wonderful! * * But, wherever or howsoever composed, his poems possess very considerable merit, merely as poems, and laying aside altogether the circumstances under which they may have been produced. In the exercise of his poetical talents, Mr. Prince has found much to sweeten a hard but common lot. If the muse 'found him poor at first, and kept him so,' the measure of the divine gift which he possesses, has brought its own delights and rewards; and, in the midst of poverty, he can still wisely and piously bless God for 'having made him susceptible of feelings so elevating, so humanizing, so divine.'"—TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

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"We find this volume to contain much smooth and elegant poetry, marked generally by good feeling, and a love for the beauties of nature. If our readers should join us in admiring the following specimen of Mr. Prince's book, we trust it will be of some service to him; it is entitled—'Epistle to a Brother Poet.'"—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

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[Letter from William Howitt, Esq.]

"London, June 11th, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—Will you communicate to Mr. Prince how very much I have been charmed with the perusal of his poems? I scarcely know which possesses the deeper interest, the poetry or the prose account of his travels—travels in every sense of the word. It has long been my conviction, that our literature * * * must owe its restoration to health and strength to an infusion of new blood from the working classes, which, spite of all the unhappy influences pressing on them, I have always found to retain the soundest sentiments, and the most clear and manly moral sense. Mr. Prince's poetry is a splendid instance of this. It is poetry of a high and sterling class. It is full of imaginative beauty, and of a delicate and pure diction; but what is even more admirable than the poetry itself, are the sound sense and true philosophy which distinguish it. Here is a man to whom the trading and political systems of his country have, from his birth upwards, denied the natural sustenance of a man,—much more the education which every individual in a great and Christian country like this ought to claim;—here he is fighting his way and starving his way through the world; seeking in foreign countries that 'leave to toil' which his own denied him; yet, spite of all this, preserving his heart and his intellect sound, and, while living in the midst of discontent and embryo rebellion, preaching the truest wisdom to those around him. All his unmerited sufferings have not embittered his nature, nor distorted his reason; he calls upon his fellows to liberate themselves, but warns them against the destructive delusions of physical force. He sees clearly both the sources of liberty and of anarchy; he points out, in peaceful language, the real enemies of the working man—bad government and bad habits. He advocates at once both political and domestic reform. * * * I am rejoiced that Mr. Prince's poems have met with such success. It is a good symptom of the return of public taste. I am much complimented by any thing of mine having suggested so beautiful a poem as 'The Poet's Sabbath;' but a 'Vision of the Future,' a 'Father's Lament,' a 'Call to the People,' the 'Captive's Dream,' 'Man of Toil,' an 'Appeal on behalf of the Uneducated,' perhaps have pleased me still more, for they are the true poetry of the people and the time. They are at once powerful, stirring, yet suggestive of right means of remedy, and full of a truly Christian and benevolent spirit. The 'Voice of the Primrose,' is very original, and imbued with that delicate feeling and fancy that are so beautiful in many of Shelley's smaller poems,—as the 'Sensitive Plant.' Again I thank you for the pleasure you have conveyed to me in these poems. I have already despatched a volume to Mrs. Howitt, in Germany, and recommend the book whenever I can. Mr. Prince has only to hold on, to be a PRINCE amongst poets, and a blessing to the meritorious but suffering masses of this country.—I remain, sir, yours very truly,

"WILLIAM HOWITT."

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